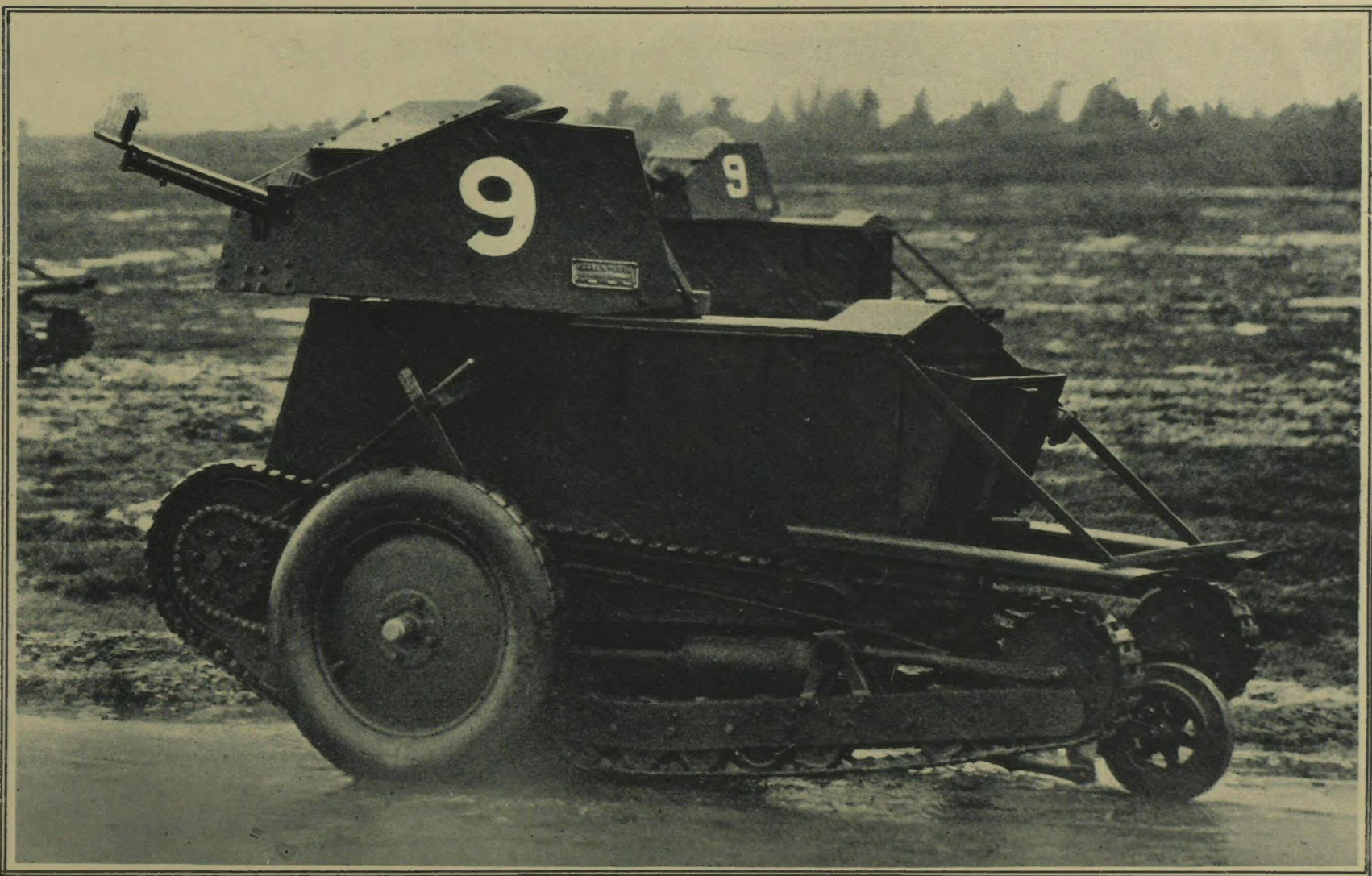


# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1926.

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**THE MODERN "KNIGHT IN ARMOUR": THE ONE-MAN TANK—(ABOVE) ONE ON WHEELS ON A ROAD, AND ONE (RIGHT BACKGROUND) USING THE "CATERPILLAR" TRACK ON ROUGH GROUND: (BELOW) THE TANK IN DETAIL.**

The Army's Tank and Motor Display before the Dominion Premiers and other distinguished visitors, at Camberley on November 13, included many new types of vehicles built for "mechanised" warfare. Varieties of these are illustrated on a later page. Here we show examples of the little one-man Tanks (marked "9"), which have been described as "the armoured knights of the future." They can go where a single horseman can go, and attain a speed of thirty miles an hour.

Some are made with "caterpillar" tracks for rough ground, and some with wheels (for road work) and tracks interchangeable. They are controlled like a motor-bicycle, but with the steering-wheels behind. Being made entirely from standard commercial components, they can be produced rapidly. Besides the "one-man" type, there are also two-seaters, nicknamed "honeymoon" tanks, and others larger, as shown in the upper illustration.—[PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N. AND TOPICAL.]





By G. K. CHESTERTON.

PERHAPS it is my fault, or perhaps it is partly the fault (or the merit) of Mr. H. G. Wells, that I and many others, I fancy, have fallen into a certain habit with his recent novels. We have read them and we have not read them. Sometimes we have read the book without reading the novel. In other words, we have dipped into the book; but we have dipped so often that we have, sooner or later, read nearly all of it. Wherever we dipped we found something interesting, something of the sort that is called thought-provoking, even if it sometimes provokes us to something more combative than thought. We have read it like a book of essays; we have found the essays, and we have found them very good. By the end of it, we know the whole story except the story. Now, this is, no doubt, a very unfair way of reading a novel; but, though it is unfair, I am not sure that it is uncomplimentary. It is treating the work of Mr. Wells as we treat Shakespeare or Plato or the Bible or Boswell's "Life of Johnson." We are quite certain that wherever we open the book we shall not want to shut it; that wherever we begin to read, we shall go on reading. It is a very good tale that can be read

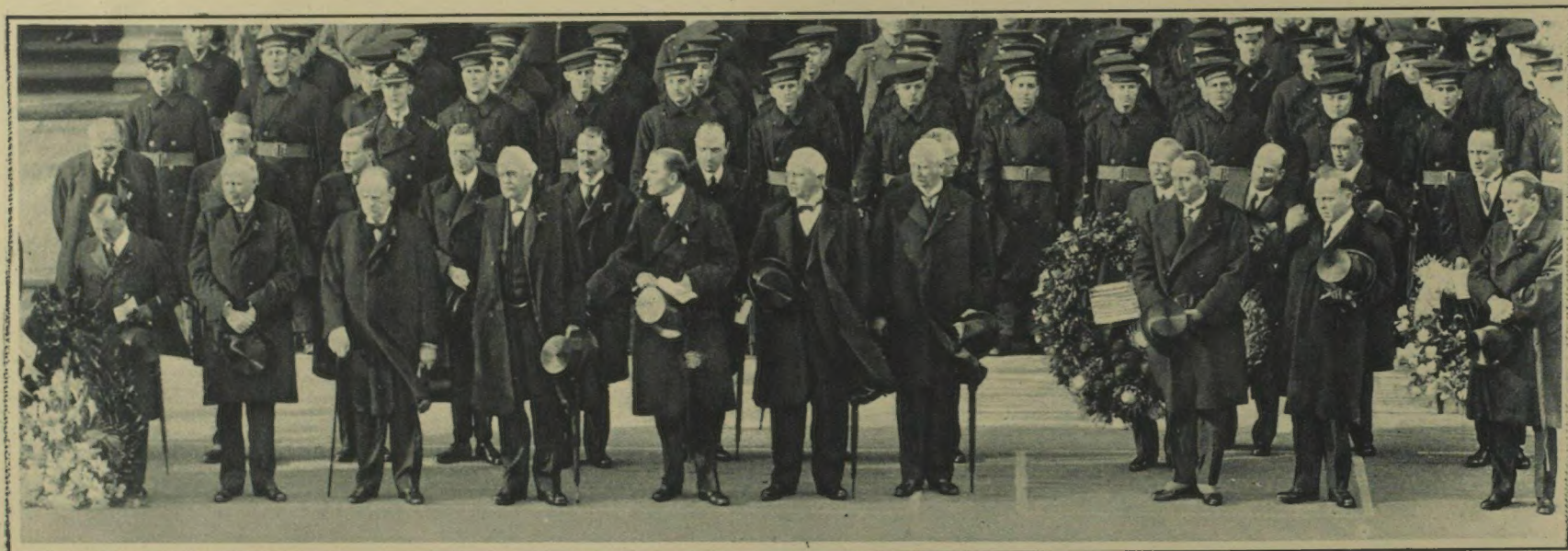
He has the knack of making types and classes come to life like characters, and mobs walk about like men. I do not think, therefore, that it is any disrespect to his genius, particularly as it has been exercised of late, that we all tend to read his novels rather as if they were not novels, but rather something like news—the latest news of the world around us. If we can imagine one man of genius writing the files of a whole newspaper, the effect would be something like that produced by books like "The World of William Clissold."

I am aware that Mr. Wells explains that it is in a general sense that he agrees with Mr. Clissold. But then it is in a general sense that I disagree with Mr. Clissold—or with Mr. Wells. Doubtless the novelist has put in many touches that do in fact differentiate himself from his creation. But I confess I should like to know how often, in the middle of some of these spirited meditations, Mr. Wells had entirely forgotten that there was any such person as Mr. Clissold. Anyhow, I disagree with them both, even when they occasionally disagree with each other. I think it was Grattan who made the admirable remark: "You

which intoxicates him so much, he breaks down like a very badly built bridge.

Indeed the example of a bridge will do as well as any other. It is obvious that Roman bridges were great achievements, especially if considered in relation to the Roman ideal of making something that will remain. After the Roman decline, in the time of barbarian invasions, bridges were often neglected and broke down. When they were started again it was by Guilds of Bridge-builders; that is, by fraternities of more or less free craftsmen bound by voluntary agreement, generally with a religious dedication. Mr. Clissold may think their loyalty tawdry, compared with his own inner vision; but, surely, he cannot think the building of a modern bridge much more noble. He knows as well as I do how a modern bridge is built. I fear I am once more thinking of Mr. Wells. He knows that it is let out to a pretty greedy contractor.

Now it may seem odd; but the profiteer with his fat contract does not seem to me a more ideal figure than the guildsman building the bridge by



STATESMEN OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE DURING THE GREAT SILENCE ON ARMISTICE DAY: THE CABINET AND DOMINION PREMIERS STANDING BESIDE THE CENOTAPH OUTSIDE THE HOME OFFICE IN WHITEHALL.

From left to right are seen (Front Row) Mr. Amery (Dominions Secretary), Sir W. Joynson-Hicks (Home Secretary), Mr. Churchill (Chancellor of the Exchequer), the Earl of Balfour (Lord President of the Council), Sir A. Chamberlain (Foreign Secretary), Mr. Whitley (Speaker), Viscount Cave (Lord Chancellor), Mr. S. M. Bruce (Premier of Australia), Mr. Mackenzie King (Premier

of Canada), and Mr. Baldwin (Prime Minister). (Back Row) Viscount Cecil, Sir A. Steel-Maitland, Lord Eustace Percy, Sir W. Guinness, Mr. Neville Chamberlain, Sir P. Cunliffe-Lister, Sir J. Gilmour, General Hertzog (Premier of South Africa, behind Mr. Bruce), Mr. W. S. Monroe (Premier of Newfoundland), (miss one) and Mr. Kevin O'Higgins.—[Photograph by L.N.A.]

tail-foremost. It is a very fine picture that can be admired upside down.

But though it is the merit of Mr. Wells that whatever he writes is arresting, it is, I think, partly the fault of Mr. Wells that we tend to read his novels as if they were note-books. It is partly, at least, for the simple reason that they are note-books. We have not necessarily missed the point by reading the parenthesis, for in his case it is often really true that the parenthesis is the point. And this is partly proved by the very fact that we do pause upon it. Even if we did dip into a great normal novel, we should not dip in exactly this way. If we opened "Vanity Fair" at random for the first time, we should not be caught and captured merely by Thackeray's moralising about Ecclesiastes or memories of Horace. We should be held by the quarrel of old Osborne and his son even if we tactlessly blundered into the middle of it. We should lay odds on the struggle of Steyne and Rawdon Crawley even if we hardly knew who they were. In Dickens this is even more obvious, for it is possible to enjoy the conversation of almost any Dickens character without having been introduced.

But Mr. Wells has a very unique and remarkable power, which has not been sufficiently praised or even criticised. He has the power of making institutions as interesting as individuals. He has the power of making generalisations as amusing as epigrams.

cannot argue with a prophet; you can only disagree with him." And the ground of my disagreement is still in that very simple trick, I might almost say that very simple-minded trick, in which Mr. Wells still indulges—the trick of drawing blank cheques on the future.

There is one typical passage, in which he talks of the way in which his new world is to answer the appeals of an older world. If the older civilisation "tootles its trumpets" and flaunts its "tawdry loyalties," and exaggerates the splendour of its past achievements, the new world will answer (says Mr. Clissold with great gravity) with something like a bridge or an embankment. The important point is that Mr. Clissold is not comparing the past with the present. When it comes actually to describing the present, nobody is more withering about it than Mr. Wells—I should say, Mr. Clissold. He is comparing the past with the future, about which neither Mr. Wells nor Mr. Clissold nor I have any authority to speak. He (or they) are entitled to think what they like about the past. Its loyalties may be tawdry; its splendours may be exaggerated; its trumpets may have been tootled; its faiths may have footled. But they did exist; and the thing with which Clissold compares them does not exist, and there is no indication except in his intuitions that it ever will exist. When he attempts to show that the present state, which irritates him so much, will lead to the future state,

equal agreement with his fellows. The guildsman may look very starved and stunted compared with some finer and freer life, pure and purged of our selfish cares, which Wells or Clissold chooses to imagine. But why in the world either Wells or Clissold should imagine that the fat contract will lead to the finer and purer life, I cannot conceive. Man for man and method for method, I prefer the craftsman to the contractor, and the Guild to the proletarian labour. I do not idealise either of them; but it is not fair to compare either of them merely with somebody else's ideal. Only Mr. Wells always tries to make us treat the ideal as if it were real, simply by shouting with arbitrary and baseless assertiveness that it will some day be real.

That is what I mean by paying your way with blank cheques on the future. Such payments do not meet any of the demands of the present. Whichever side in a class struggle we may happen to blame (and Mr. Wells is quite likely to blame both), there is no doubt that loyalty to something or somebody would often make things easier for everybody. Some would say that the workers are not loyal; I should say that they are not allowed any worthy object of loyalty. But, anyhow, a bridge cannot be a substitute for a loyalty. Mr. Clissold's vision amounts to saying that, in spite of appearances, the bridge will be built some day and will lead us to the promised land. Perhaps we might say, to the often promised land.



# "MECHANISED" WAR: NEW MACHINES SHOWN TO DOMINION PREMIERS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N., TOPICAL, L.N.A., AND SPORT AND GENERAL.



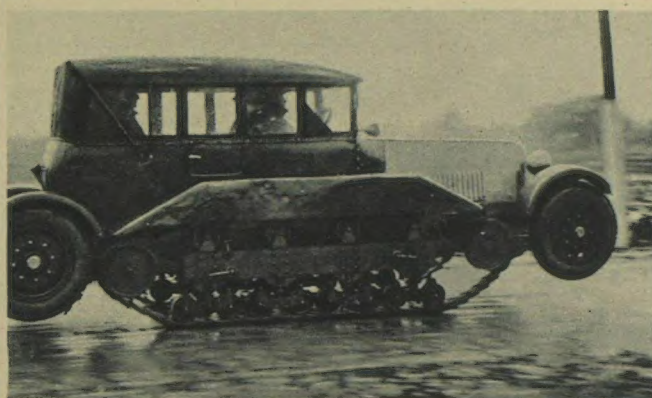
BIG-GUN TRACTION AT TWENTY MILES AN HOUR BY "CATERPILLAR" TRACTOR CARRYING THE GUN CREW: THE MODERN METHOD.



ONLY CAPABLE OF 2½ MILES AN HOUR: THE OLD-FASHIONED METHOD OF BIG-GUN TRACTION BY HORSES, AS USED IN THE WAR.



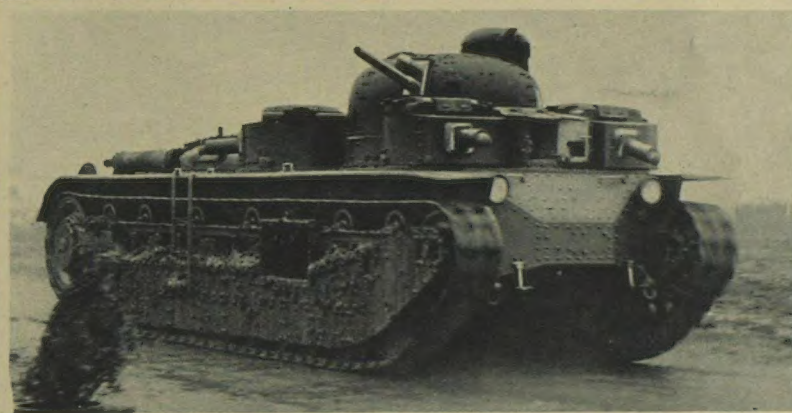
ANTI-AIRCRAFT TANKS SHOWN "IN ACTION" DURING THE ARMY DISPLAY AT CAMBERLEY: THREE TANK-MOUNTED GUNS FIRING AT AN "ENEMY" IN THE AIR



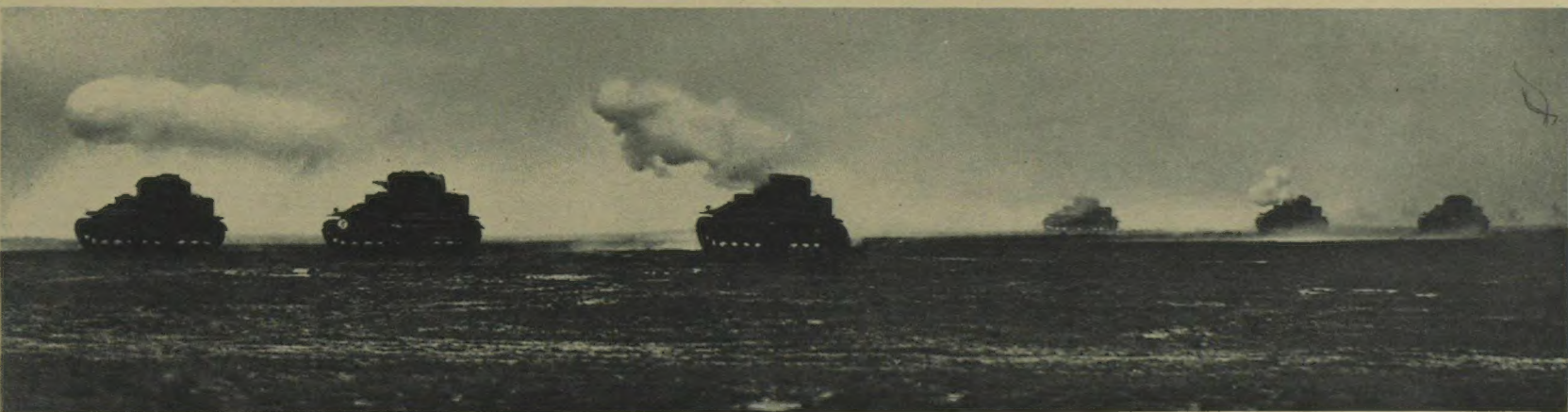
WITH INTERCHANGEABLE WHEELS AND "CATERPILLAR" TRACK: A MODERN ARMY CAR—SHOWING THE WHEELS SUSPENDED WHILE THE TRACK IS USED.



DRAWN BY THE "IRON HORSE" THAT DOES NOT NEED TO BE FED AND WATERED THREE TIMES A DAY: FAST-TRAVELLING GUNS.



WITH A CENTRAL REVOLVING TURRET FOR A 3-LB. GUN AND FOUR FOR MACHINE-GUNS: THE LATEST TYPE OF HEAVY TANK.



"WAR-SHIPS" OF THE LAND IN LINE OF BATTLE: MODERN TANKS ADVANCING INTO "ACTION"—AN INCIDENT OF THE ARMY DISPLAY OF TANKS AND MOTORS ON OLD DEAN COMMON, NEAR CAMBERLEY, IN THE PRESENCE OF THE DOMINION PREMIERS.

The Army gave an impressive display of Tanks and other modern war vehicles at Camberley, on November 13, for the benefit of the Dominion Premiers. "There was evidence," writes Sir John Foster Fraser (in the "Sunday Times") "of amazing mobility. But, behind all the wonder was a big regret—the gallant war-horse was brought forward chiefly to show he was quite out of date, alongside the motor, for efficiency in warfare. . . . Whereas a team of horses should be watered and fed at least three times a day, this iron horse requires no water. . . . The triumph of mechanical transport when substituted for horsed vehicles (was displayed), the horses only able to do 2½ miles per hour on the road, against

twenty miles by a mechanised unit, and the motor as mobile across country as the horses, and the men carried so that they arrive fresh for the battle and with longer staying powers. . . . Here was the latest type of tank, heavy, with four revolving turrets for machine-guns and one central revolving turret for the 3-lb. gun and the commander, surging along like an 'Aquitania' in comparison to a ferry-boat, the finest model of a heavy fighting machine in existence, and certainly the fastest." Some of the machines were of the "wheel-cum-track" type, capable of changing from wheels to "caterpillar" tracks, and vice-versa, within one minute. The little "one-man" tanks are illustrated on our front page.



## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

IN the light of modern discovery the former distinction between the Old World and the New World seems to be fading away. From the tropical bush of Central America have emerged relics of ancient civilisations as full of wonder and interest as those of Egypt or Assyria, and under the guidance of the explorer we find ourselves—to divert the poet's thought from love to archaeology—

In that new world which is the old.

Such is the reflection that occurs to me after reading "ANCIENT CITIES AND MODERN TRIBES: EXPLORATION AND ADVENTURE IN MAYA LANDS." By Thomas Gann, J.P., F.R.G.S., F.R.A.I., Member of the Maya Society. Illustrated. (Duckworth; 21s. net). The book is a successor to the same author's "Mystery Cities" and "In an Unknown Land," and describes his latest researches during last winter's season, some of the results of which have already been illustrated in our pages. That being so, I need hardly remind our readers that Dr. Gann is a pioneer in the opening-up of Maya sites, and a leading authority on America's aboriginal civilisation. His two main discoveries last season were the great ruined city of Coba in north-eastern Yucatan, and a sculptured monolith, bearing an important early date (A.D. 333) in Maya chronology, at Ichpaatun in the south of Yucatan, near the northern border of British Honduras.

He also traced much of a great fifty-mile-long ceremonial causeway between Coba and Chichen Itza (at once the "Mecca" and the "New York" of the late Maya Empire), and in Spanish Honduras visited the ruined city of Copan, where two pillars on opposite hills some four miles apart were found to constitute "the largest sundial in the world." Finally Dr. Gann revisited the wonderful ruins at Lubaantun, in British Honduras, with its great acropolis containing an amphitheatre for religious rites. There he met Lady Richmond Browne, Mr. Mitchell Hedges, and Mr. Joyce, of the British Museum, who "had accomplished good work . . . having cleared all the ground of last year (since overgrown) and a good deal more of the bush."

Near Lubaantun Dr. Gann discovered in the bush the ruins of another city, which he named Uxbentun (Ancient Stones), and heard rumours from natives of yet more ruins at a place called Pusilha. Near Ichpaatun he found an isolated ancient cemetery. He has lately started on a new expedition to pursue his investigations on these sites and on the east coast of Yucatan, where great unvisited ruins are said to exist, as well as to explore further near Coba and follow the great causeway to Chichen Itza along the whole of its length.

Dr. Gann is a most entertaining writer, and his new book is wholly delightful. His interests are by no means confined to archaeology; he describes with rare humour and sympathy the native people and their ways, and the habits of animals and birds, while the little personal incidents of travel make all the difference between a dry record and a vivid story. The unwelcome attentions of virulent insects were all in the day's work. Nor is the element of perilous adventure lacking. During a fishing expedition to capture a manatee (the "mermaid" of the ancient mariners) for the Zoological Department of Reading University, he has exciting adventures with sharks, alligators, and sawfish. At other times he is nearly lost in the bush, and has a narrow escape from falling down a precipice in the great Cave of Loltun, beneath the limestone plateau of Yucatan. Here are the *cenotes*, or underground lakes, into which, in ancient times, maidens and youths were cast as sacrifices to the Maya gods.

"This vast subterranean world," writes Dr. Gann, "needs a thorough exploration by a competent scientific expedition, geologically, biologically, and archaeologically. . . . I am convinced that in the remoter fastnesses

of the cave discoveries may be made, not improbably of a pre-Maya race, or possibly even of Palaeolithic man. . . . Moreover, here, if anywhere, might be discovered the *anhaltes*, or ancient books of the Maya, dealing with their history, calendar system, and religion, all but three of which were burnt by Bishop Landa soon after the (Spanish) Conquest as works of the devil. . . . It is the dream of every Maya student's life to find one of these historical codices, which should not only supply a history of this wonderful people . . . but, by affording a key to the unknown glyphs, act as a Rosetta Stone to the monoliths. . . . Can Egypt offer anything more thrilling?"

Historical research is not the only thing that takes people into far countries. I have a pile of books on my desk that represent, among them, various other motives of travel. Still in the New World, but south of Panama (as one might say, "east of Suez") I hit "THE DIAMOND TRAIL." An Account of Travel among the Little-known Bahian Diamond Fields of Brazil. By Hugh Pearson. With Photographs and a Map. (Witherby; 12s. 6d. net). Now that one can go a thousand miles up the Amazon in a liner, Brazil does not seem so remote as formerly, and doubtless many readers will take more than an armchair interest in this opportune work, though the principal

there were many exciting incidents, not least a great rock avalanche in the Hispar valley, whose dust made the afternoon pitch dark, and Mr. Visser's description of a game of dominoes played (as a physiological test) with two other men on a "tiny ledge at a height of 17,100 feet, with thirty-seven miles of glacier ice separating us from the inhabited world."

The botanist is not usually regarded as a hero of adventure, but he assumes that aspect in "THE RIDDLE OF THE TSANGPO GORGES." By Captain F. Kingdon Ward. With Contributions by the Earl of Cawdor. Illustrated (Edward Arnold; 21s. net). "I obtained permission," writes Captain Ward, "for myself and one white companion to visit Tibet for the purpose of collecting plants," and so, with Lord Cawdor, he came to "the land of the blue poppy" and "the paradise of primulas," and "the rhododendron fairylane."

He sent home to England, or the Dominions, over 250 kinds of seeds. But, as Sir Francis Younghusband points out in his introduction, "it was no matter of strolling out and picking a few flowers." The task was achieved "at the cost of long journeying over the bleak and windswept uplands of Tibet, and afterwards of steep climbs

. . . on the mountain-sides which hemmed in the terrific gorges." The chief adventure, which gives the book its title, a quest for a rumoured mighty cataract, was a romantic interlude. "Here, if anywhere," writes Captain Ward, as they prepared to explore an unknown gorge, "were the 'Falls of the Brahmaputra' which had been a geographical mystery for half a century. . . . Our excitement may be imagined." There followed some terrific climbing, up and down, and a night spent on a rock ledge 2000 ft. above the river. They reached the lowest depths of the gorge, and, though five miles of it were inaccessible, satisfied themselves that there was no great single cataract, but that the Tsangpo (or Brahmaputra) foams down its rocky bed in a long series of minor falls and rapids.

Skipping from continent to continent, I arrive now in Africa, guided by a trio of attractive volumes. One is "AN AFRICAN EL-DORADO: THE BELGIAN CONGO," by T. Alexander Barns, F.R.G.S., F.Z.S.; with an introduction by Sir Louis Franck, former Belgian Colonial Minister; with thirty-two illustrations and maps (Methuen; 15s. net). Readers of this paper will remember Mr. Barns as an authority on gorillas, and in his new book he has more to say on that subject, besides

many others. "His remarkable knowledge of the Belgian Colony and the greater part of Central Africa," says Sir Louis Franck (in whom there are the obvious makings of a reviewer), "lends a particular charm to his vivid and clear narrative, his simple and precise descriptions, his practical hints and remarks." Regarding the attractions of Congoland for the tourist or sportsman, especially the vagabond who likes "marching across the map," Mr. Barns writes: "One day you may be receiving a kiss from a black Cleopatra and on another shaking hands with death in the guise of a 'rogue' rhino who charges your car, or of a man-eating lion who pushes his head into the back of your tent, or, it may even be, holds up the train by eating the driver." Who, after this, would be content with the "Met" or the Southern Railway?

Colonial history, I think, is a subject on which most of us are very ignorant, and we should do well to read more such books as "SIERRA LEONE IN HISTORY AND TRADITION." By Captain F. W. Butt-Thompson. With an Introduction by Sir Alexander R. Slater. Photographs and a Map (Witherby; 15s. net). Here, too, the distinguished introducer, who is Governor of the Colony, has anticipated the reviewer's epitome. "The reader will



NATIVE SOUTH AFRICAN ART COMBINING EUROPEAN INFLUENCES WITH LOCAL LEGEND AND HINTS OF ANCIENT ASSYRIA: SPECIMENS FROM A UNIQUE COLLECTION OF BASUTO POTTERY.

Now that South Africa is attracting so much notice, both as a place of settlement and a holiday resort, these examples of her native art are of particular interest. Mr. Paul Loewenstein, who sends us this photograph, writes: "The specimens, which are made by native women, are first modelled and then fired in small ovens, after which process many are embellished with red, white, and black enamel. Of special interest are two mythological animals, one (third from left on lower shelf) having a dolphin body and head of a hybrid calf and boar. This fearsome creature is believed to dwell in pools under the huge cliffs on the summits of the Maluti Mountains, and to secure its prey by poisonous exhalations. The other (fourth from right on the next shelf) suggests a sea-serpent with two pairs of wings, supposed to inhabit rivers, dragging cattle or human beings to the bottom and draining their blood. Natives seeing a waterspout are terrified, as they believe it to be this great snake flying among the clouds. The large antelope (third from right on lower shelf) with two white horns has a striped beard resembling those of ancient Assyrian statuary, particularly the man-faced winged lions. Although the only instance, one is forced to speculate as to the connection between the art of the present-day Basuto and that of the almost prehistoric Assyrians."

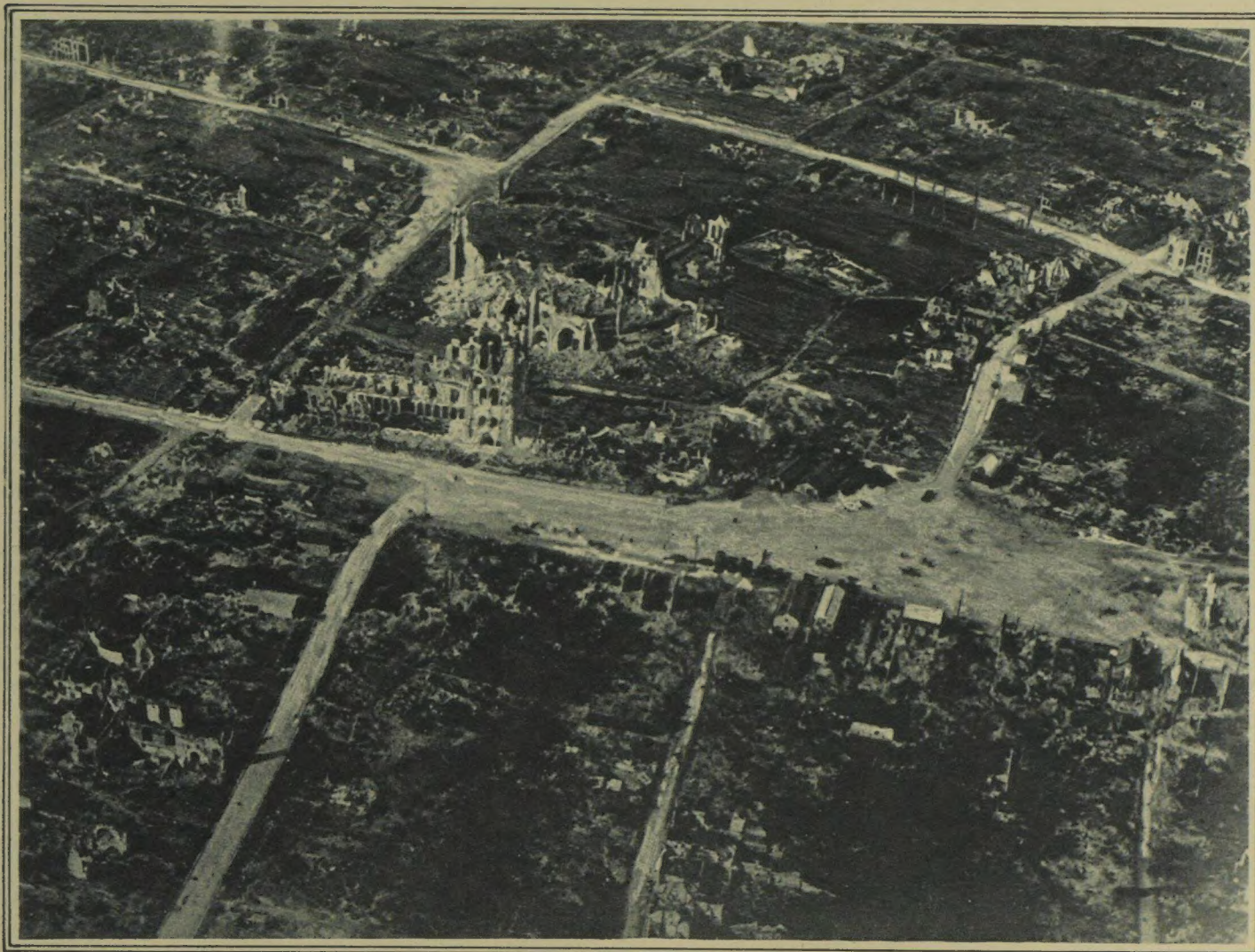
river concerned is not the Amazon, but the Paraguassu. The book is an interesting record of personal experiences, with an eye throughout to industrial methods and possibilities, and it includes a useful sketch of Brazilian history. The author ends with an exhortation to the State of Bahia "to compete in the race of progress."

Turning now from West to East, I come to a pair of important and admirably produced and illustrated books on the great mountain ranges of Central Asia. It was geographical research that led two well-known Dutch explorers, who are man and wife, to make the expedition described in "AMONG THE KARA-KORUM GLACIERS IN 1925." By Jenny Visser-Hooft. With Contributions by Ph. C. Visser. Illustrated (Edward Arnold; 21s. net). The scene of their journey was "a high mountain region which is one of Nature's last strongholds," between the Kara-Korum and the Hindu-Kush. Summarising results, the author says: "With our caravan we traversed about 1250 miles. . . . A considerable portion of the unknown Central Asian watershed was mapped. . . . Practicable passes were discovered in the Khunjab and Gujrab valleys. A great number of totally unknown glaciers were discovered and explored." In such a region naturally

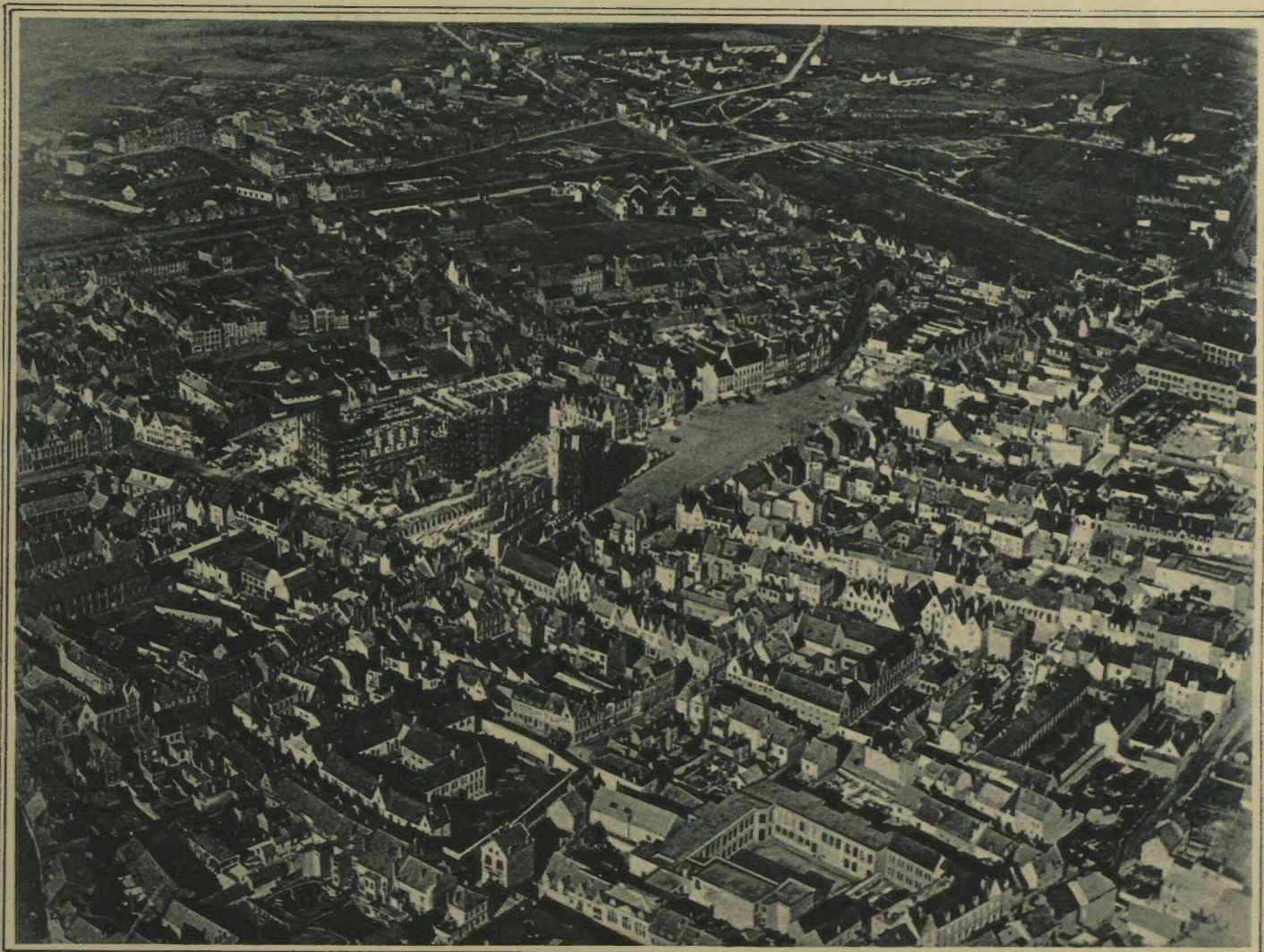
[Continued on Page 1012.]



# THE RESURRECTION OF YPRES: A CITY RE-RISEN FROM ITS ASHES.



YPRES AS IT WAS  
IN SEPTEMBER,  
1919, WITHIN A  
YEAR OF THE  
ARMISTICE :  
A SCENE OF  
UTTER  
DESTRUCTION AND  
DESOLATION—  
SHOWING (IN THE  
CENTRE) THE  
RUINS OF THE  
CELEBRATED  
CLOTH HALL  
AND THE  
CATHEDRAL  
BEHIND IT—A  
PHOTOGRAPH  
TAKEN FROM THE  
AIR.



YPRES AS IT IS  
TO-DAY : AN AIR-  
VIEW OF THE  
SAME DISTRICT  
FROM A  
DIFFERENT  
ANGLE, SHOWING  
THE WONDERFUL  
TRANSFORMATION  
WROUGHT IN  
SEVEN YEARS,  
WITH THE  
CATHEDRAL  
(ON THE LEFT)  
ALMOST ENTIRELY  
REBUILT, AND  
THE CENTRAL  
TOWER OF THE  
CLOTH HALL.

The war memories recalled by Armistice Day, and the hopes for Belgium's future stirred by the wedding of her King's son and heir, lend a special interest to these remarkable air photographs of Ypres. The contrast they present testifies to the vitality of the Belgian people and their powers of recuperation. Although man is not quite so rapid as nature in obliterating the traces of war, and bricks do not grow like grass, it is wonderful what can be done by energy and perseverance. Seven years ago, as the upper photograph shows, the abomination of desolation still spread over the ruins of Ypres, devastated by fire and four

years of German bombardment. A notice-board amid the ruins stated, with tragic simplicity, "Here was the city of Ypres." The historic Cloth Hall and the Cathedral were merely battered shells and heaps of débris; practically every house had been destroyed. What a difference there is to-day may be seen in the lower illustration. Ypres has arisen again, like the Phoenix, from its ashes. The whole town has been rebuilt, and the streets laid out on regular lines. The Cathedral is almost completed. It was suggested that the ruins of the Cloth Hall should be left as a monument to tell their own story.



# The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

## MR. LEE SHUBERT AND OUR DRAMATISTS: A PLEA FOR COMPETITIONS.

WHEN Mr. Lee Shubert, the influential American manager, left England recently, after his annual visit, he imparted to an interviewer his disappointment in the activities of the British dramatist. Formerly, he said, in the heyday of Pinero, Jones, and Carton, the American manager, after a survey in London, sailed homeward with, say, a dozen British plays in his valise. Now, with great trouble, he had, for all his pains, not found more than four promising success in America. This statement sounded like a challenge, and it was promptly taken up by the *Christian Science Monitor*, the world-famed daily paper of Boston, whose universal theatrical page is to the student a bountiful mine of information. Probably, it was then averred, Mr. Shubert had had no time to gauge the actual state of things. Probably his equipment to look around during his absence was incomplete; if he had a play-reader at all on this side, this representative was neither well *au courant* of the plays "tried out" at outlying theatres or by Sunday Societies, nor of the publications by such enterprising publishers as the House of Benn, and the Stage Play-Publishing Bureau.

In all likelihood, Mr. Shubert has no one in London to "read" and see plays regularly for him; nor has he made it known that he is constantly in quest of new plays by British dramatists. And so he was told that, far from being sterile, the output was much greater and far more promising than in those vaunted palmy days when the annual dozen was easily found. "Give us a chance," said the challenger; "appoint somebody to be on the look-out for you, and you will be astonished at the result." And in order to prove that this was not an idle boast, he stated in the *Monitor* that straight off he could supply Mr. Shubert with seven plays, every one of which would suit the American "market." (I hate the word where art is concerned, but it is the technical term.)

Not quite sure of Mr. Shubert's intention, or whether he would pick up the gauntlet, the "witness

3. "The Fanatics," by Miles Mallison. (Secured by L. M. Lion.)

5. "Merrileon Wise," by the same. (Due for production by the Play Actors.)



THE HERO AND HEROINE OF "PRINCESS CHARMING": MISS WINNIE MELVILLE AS PRINCESS ELAINE OF NOVIA, AND MR. JOHN CLARKE AS CAPTAIN TORELLI.

Photograph by Stage Photo. Co.

5. "Galley Slaves," by Hjalmar Erlingsson. (Produced by Miss Monica Ewer and Miss Irene Hentschel, and commended by most critics.)

6. "Israel in the Kitchen," by Noah Elstein. (The prize play of the Jewish Drama League Competition.)

Of course, no one can predict whether any or all of the plays selected, if put to the test, would prove "box-office successes." If the true prophet of theatrical venture could be found, he would be one of the wonders of the age, and become a millionaire over-night. But, humanly speaking, and having regard to the experimental performances of four of the seven plays, it is more than probable that some of the works named would appeal to the public at large, as to the experts who read them.

Still, as I said before, the list was only given in substantiation of a statement. It is merely a *ballon d'essai* in refutation of Mr. Shubert's plaint, in proof of our present productivity at a first glance, and as a stimulus of what ought to be done to encourage our dramatists. For, I contend—and as one who is often asked to read plays, I am fairly "in the swim"—that there are

far more good actable plays in existence than our managers can tell. Sir Alfred Butt recently, at the shareholders' meeting of Drury Lane, referred to the meagre result of his appeal for "a play of Empire." At that time I think not more than twelve had been sent in; as I write, the reader tells me that the number has grown to sixty ("and still they come"), and, if most of the works perused did not comply with the condition that they should be representative of "the life, manners, and morals" in

Greater Britain, there is no gainsaying that some would be well suited to theatres of less vast dimensions than Drury Lane. So again here is evidence against sterility.

On the other hand, leading actors will tell you that they are vainly seeking plays in which they see themselves, and recently one of our most famous actresses declared that she was at her wits' end because she could not find the right sort of play. I told her why she was in this quandary. Simply because she did not go the right way about seeking that which she could easily find. Playwrights—unless they have a name—are reluctant to send in their plays for perusal. It means months of vain waiting; it means often a "return unread," or a complimentary letter with such grounds of refusal as will not hold water (I have seen them in shoals), because the author happens to be an unknown quantity and the game too risky for the candle. I told this famous actress that, if she was out to catch the whale, she should throw out the sprat—open a competition, offer a fair prize (her name would go a long way to attract), appoint a couple of competent judges besides herself, and "wait and see." And I gave her the recent experience of the Jewish Drama League.

It was "hard up" for a play of life in English Jewry. With one exception deemed not wholly suitable, from the width and breadth of the realm not a single play was presented at the "open sesame." We began to believe that, not as in Germany, Holland, Austria, and Russia, there were no plays typical of Jewish life. Then the Committee had the happy thought of a competition, and, when the news was published and the modest prize of £50 and production offered, the miracle happened. True, only thirteen plays were sent in; but of these three were deemed worthy of closer consideration and perfectly actable, and one, "Israel in the Kitchen," mentioned before, was considered by the three judges a work of singular merit. Yet but for this competition the echo would have continued: "There is no Jewish drama in England."

Competitions, I hold, are to the drama what exhibitions mean to art and industry—the bugle-sounds that speed all hands on deck. If Mr. Lee Shubert were to risk a little fling of the almighty dollar to tempt the bashful British dramatist from his lair, he would most probably rub his eyes at the joyful wakening to rich harvest from his bad dream of barren fields.



"PRINCESS CHARMING," AT THE PALACE THEATRE: MR. GEORGE GROSSMITH AS CHRISTIAN II., AND MR. W. H. BERRY AS ALBERT CHUFF, AGENT FOR THE COLOSSAL ASSURANCE COMPANY.

Photograph by Stage Photo. Co.



THE "VAMP" OF "PRINCESS CHARMING": MISS ALICE DELYSIA AS WANDA NAVARO.

Photograph by Stage Photo. Co.

for the defence" named one play, Mr. Monckton Hoffe's "Unnamed Play," which has since been produced by the Repertory Players with great success, endorsed by Press and public, and secured for a London run by Mr. Leon M. Lion. The other six were merely indicated, but I am now in a position to give their titles:

1. "What No One Can Tell," by Percy Robinson. (Twice played for a week at Kew, and since acquired for the West End.)

2. "The Bending of the Road," by Mordaunt Shairp, the author of "The Offence."

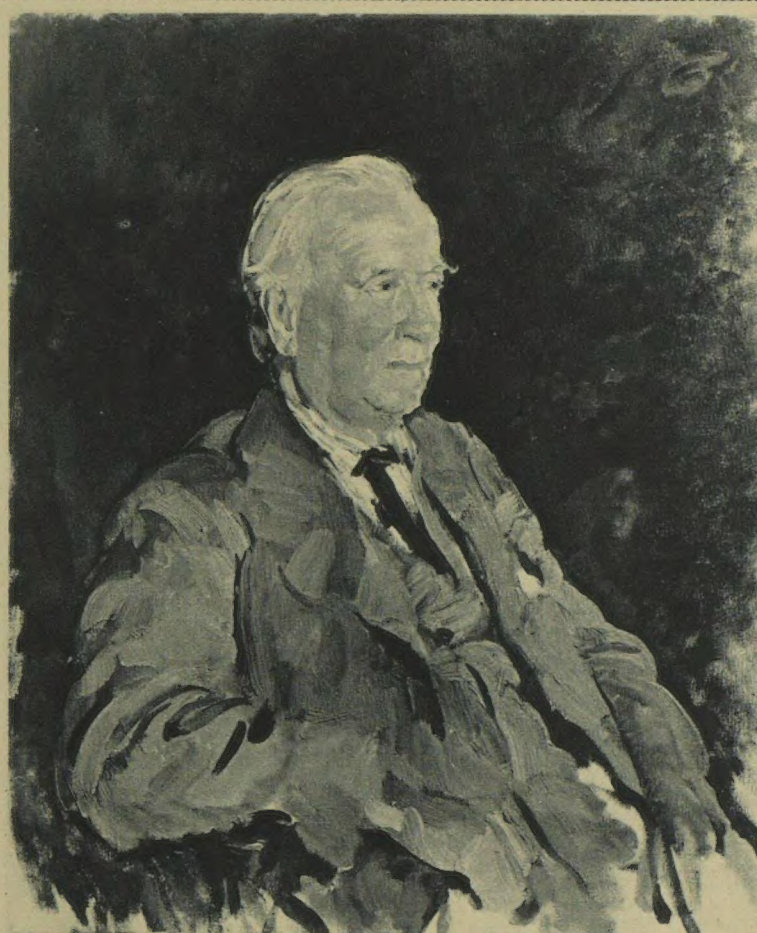


# MODERN PORTRAITURE: NOTABLE EXAMPLES FROM THE R.S.P.P. SHOW.

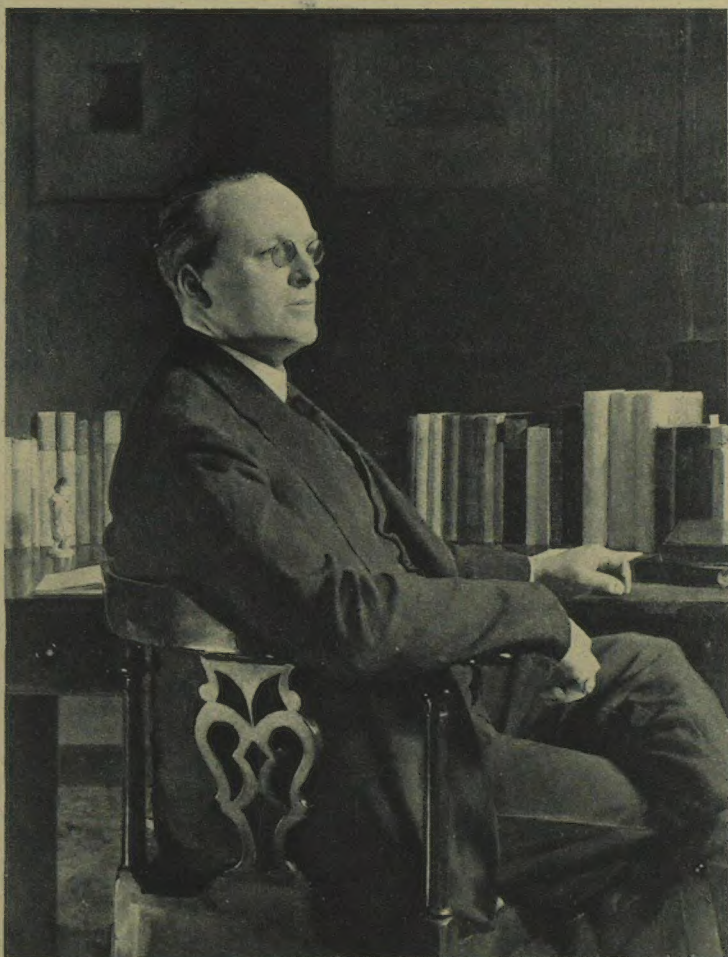
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"LORD LLOYD, G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E., D.S.O., HIGH COMMISSIONER FOR EGYPT." BY OSWALD BIRLEY, R.P.



"THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF OXFORD AND ASQUITH, P.C.": BY T. C. DUGDALE, R.P.



"HUGH WALPOLE, ESQ." (THE WELL-KNOWN NOVELIST): BY GERALD F. KELLY, A.R.A.



"AIR CHIEF MARSHAL SIR HUGH TRENCHARD, BT., G.C.B., D.S.O.": BY OSWALD BIRLEY, R.P.

The Royal Society of Portrait Painters opened its thirty-sixth annual Exhibition at the Royal Academy galleries in Burlington House, on November 13, and the exhibition will continue until December 11. Besides the work of living artists, there are several examples by painters of the past, including Sir John Millais, G. F. Watts, Frank Holl, Sir W. Q. Orchardson, and Henry Weigall.

We reproduce here four notable contemporary portraits, which are interesting not only from the personalities of the eminent sitters, but as representing different styles in modern portraiture. There is a considerable contrast in manner, for instance, between Mr. Dugdale's painting of Lord Oxford and Mr. Kelly's rendering of Mr. Hugh Walpole.



# "The Most Brilliant Failure in History."

## "KAISER WILHELM II"—"MY EARLY LIFE."\*

WHEN the boy who was to become the Kaiser Wilhelm II. was born, "panic swept through the room of travail." The child seemed lifeless. "Destiny hesitated for an hour and a half before deciding to turn the motionless substance into a human being"; and, in the consternation and confusion, amidst the clamour of saluting guns, it was not until the third day that it was noticed that "the left arm was paralysed, the shoulder-socket torn away, and the surrounding muscles so severely injured that in the then state of surgical knowledge no doctor would venture to attempt the readjustment of the limb." It was a tragedy, and Emil Ludwig will have it that it warped a fine mind and accounts for the erratic reign that ended so pusillanimously at Spa.



THE KAISER AS A CHILD, PAINTED IN WATER-COLOURS BY QUEEN VICTORIA: PRINCE WILLIAM—WINDSOR CASTLE, MARCH 27, 1861.

Reproduced from "My Early Life," by William II., ex-Emperor of Germany, by Courtesy of Messrs. Methuen, the Publishers.

There came with understanding what the Freudians would proclaim an Inferiority Complex; but it was suppressed by conditions and a strong will.

"Only those who can appreciate this lifelong struggle against the congenital weakness will be fair to him when the future Emperor is seen to strain too far, or lose, his nervous energy. The perpetual struggle with a defect which every newcomer must instantly perceive and he, for that very reason, the more ostentatiously ignore—this hourly, lifelong effort to conceal a congenital, in no way repulsive, stigma of Nature, was the decisive factor in the development of his character. The weakling sought to emphasise his strength; but instead of doing so intellectually, as his lively intelligence would have permitted, tradition and vainglory urged him to the exhibition of an heroic, that is to say, a soldierly personality. And everything combined to strengthen the delusion: his forefathers' martial glory, his parents' depreciation, his opposition to their Liberal ideas; and, above and before all, the innate vanity inherited from his father, and frequently characteristic of the family—this and these it was which drove him all his life to seem what he was not." He was always acting, always in tinsel—and King Edward called him "the most brilliant failure in History."

George Hinzpeter first forced Superiority upon his pupil. In "My Early Life," the Kaiser quotes him on the "atrocious hours" during which he learned to ride: "... the tutor ... set the weeping prince on his horse, without stirrups, and compelled him to go through the various paces. He fell off continually: every time, despite his prayers and tears, he was lifted up and set upon its back again. After weeks of torture, the difficult task was accomplished: he had got his balance." To which the victim adds: "The result justified Hinzpeter's method. But the lesson was a cruel one, and my brother Henry often howled with pain when compelled to witness the martyrdom of my youth."

Heredity and environment did the rest. Frailty must be armoured. Pomp and circumstance, sycophancy and subtlety, excessive adulation, a gamin spirit of "I'll larn 'em!", neuroticism and a craving for excitement and

the limelight, combined to make a man deceive himself into the belief that he was ruler by the grace of God, High Priest and War Lord.

Of his Divine right he was never in doubt. His "fraternal loyalty" for the Emperor of Austria and the Sultan of Turkey was "less a political sentiment than a dynastic emotion." In 1895, he wrote to the Tsar, "Nicky," endeavouring to wean him from France: "The perpetual presence of Princes, Grand-Dukes, Statesmen, Generals in full-dress at reviews of the troops, public funerals, dinners, race-meetings, cheek-by-jowl with the President of the Republic or in his immediate environment, causes these Republicans to imagine that they are quite respectable people with whom Royalties can consort and sympathise. But what would be the result of this sort of thing at home, in our own countries? Republicans are by nature revolutionary, logically to be regarded as people who will one day have to be shot or hanged. They say to those of our subjects who are still loyally inclined: 'Oh, we are not such very dangerous folk—you have only to go to France and you'll see Royalists like yourselves walking about with revolutionaries. Why shouldn't it be the same with us?' Don't forget that Jaurès—not by his personal guilt—now sits on the throne of the hereditary King of France and his Queen, both of whom the revolutionaries beheaded. ... A sacred duty is imposed by Heaven on us Christian Kings and Emperors—to uphold the doctrine of the Divine Right of Kings."

To Wilhelm II., "even the most antagonistic of princes, even King Edward, was in personal intercourse at any rate more congenial ... than Roosevelt, whom he courted for the sake of his powerful country. Though he despised the Tsar as a weakling and a dreamer, that monarch's life was of much more importance in his eyes than the life of the 'wood-cutter Fallières.' When Carnot was assassinated, his heart was entirely unmoved; when King Humbert fell, all the Emperor's spectres rose and gibbered round his head."

Of his personal abilities he was equally sure. Flattered, feared, lied to, he never saw himself as others really saw him—he was the Emperor without Clothes. Few told him truths; few save bluff Bismarck, the Pilot he dropped, and the feline favourite Philipp zu Eulenburg, the poseur and dilettante, to say no more, who involved his name in the Great Scandal. The majority were ready to sow their gravel paths with thunderbolts for him to find, as did Eberhard von Dohna in 1889; to truckle for Orders, to bask in an Imperial smile, to laud the soldier, the sailor, and the regal democrat, to summon a laugh to mask chagrin, to click the heels and stand to attention, to bow to every whim and fawn at every wish, to see that forests became sportsmen's "chess-boards" and that Imperial Majesty could account for 1675 heads in three days!

So egotistical was he that he was akin to the *parvenu* perfectly played by Willie Edouin—"Rude! Rude! I can't be rude—I'm rich."

In the 'nineties, "the yachts were becalmed in a race round the Isle of Wight. As the Emperor was expected to dinner that night by the Queen, Edward tried to induce his nephew to abandon the race, and so get back in time. Answer by flag-signal: 'Race must be fought out, no matter when we finish.' When, after ten o'clock, he was announced to his aged, punctilious, dignified grandmother, he had offended her more keenly than any kind of note begging her not to expect him could have done."

On another occasion he entered the *Meteor* for Cowes, and was the absent victor. "The next morning a telegram from the Emperor was opened in the Royal Yacht Club. It was one dire insult: 'Your handicaps are simply appalling.'"

This with relatives of whom he writes in "My Early Life" as "a real grandmother" and "an extremely delightful host"!

And, of a truth, he made many mistakes with King Edward, but none more disastrous than his parade of German Sea Power. "That was his moment," writes Mr. Ludwig, in "Kaiser Wilhelm II." "Now he could impress the detested uncle who had said, five years ago: 'Let him play with his Fleet.' But, unfortunately, he impressed him too deeply. For the King soon forgot flowers and tea-party, waterfalls even; but not the strength and the modernity of the ships he had been shown. Perturbed and reflective, he went back to his Island. Two months later, the Press and the House of Commons began the campaign against German fleet-building—the Navy Scare—and this time the statesmen gave the signal. ... The ball had been set rolling—henceforth there was to be no stopping it."

It was a blazing indiscretion on the part of the Kaiser, and but one of many. Are there not memories of South Africa, Jerusalem, Morocco, Japan, France, Russia—of all parts of the world, never forgetting England, to which he was always hostile? His mailed fist was shaken, his spurred foot stamped, his sabre rattled at all and sundry—from Princes to people. In his "Early Life" he says: "We saw the miserable housing conditions of the workers and their families, and the grim poverty, often, of their homes. Worst of all was the soul-destroying power of the machine, in which the worker was the tiniest cog in a gigantic clock. ... I there learned to understand the

German workman and to feel the warmest sympathy for his lot." Words, words! The "sympathy," the *Ihr* and *Du*, did not prevent anti-Democratic action. Mr. Ludwig records, after the word "Opposition" had actually sounded in His ears, such sentiments as "I trust that at least five hundred (of the rioters during the tramway strike of 1900) will be snuffed out by the time the troops return to barracks," and "I am very well satisfied with the conduct of the police. But next time they must strike not with the flat, but the edge of the sword." There were growls beneath the fanfares.

That, however, is more or less by the way, merely indicating the way the prevalent wind blew. Anything that challenged his authority was wrong.

How could it be else? He was grandiloquent; the others held their tongues; never found him at fault. "World-power—without that a nation cuts a deplorable figure!" "Can we picture a monarch, a Supreme War Lord, disbanding his illustrious historic regiments, consigning their glorious flags to arsenals and museums and thus delivering his cities over as a prey to anarchists and democrats?" "The Fleet alone gives me the prestige I require in England." "A better tone towards Germany will only be obtained by a large fleet, which will bring the British to their senses through sheer fright." Those were the kind of things he wrote and spoke, and his arrogance eventually set all Europe against his country.

Superiority, in fact, became a mania. Even the individuals who had felt crushed under Bismarck and had afterwards "swelled out like sponges that have been put in water" felt that something must be done to curb the mighty. Even Eulenburg, the adviser, warned Bülow: "I want to give you a hint of the gradual alteration in the mental and psychical condition of our dear sovereign. ... I may add that the crisis would certainly not—as so many fear (or hope)—take the form of mental derangement, but that of nervous prostration." But no one did anything. The Superiority was stunning.

And so it continued to the end—until the Emperor had to be told: "Under its leaders and Generals the Army will march quietly and steadily home, but no longer under the command of Your Majesty. It is no longer behind you"; and "the Emperor's world fell to pieces in his heart." His nation had failed him.

"Ambition—By that sin fell the angels."

A remarkable book, "Kaiser Wilhelm II," not only for its summing-up of the Emperor, but for a series of



WEARING THE KILT, OF WHICH HE WAS ALWAYS INORDINATELY PROUD: THE KAISER AND HIS FATHER AT BALMORAL CASTLE.

Reproduced from "My Early Life," by William II., ex-Emperor of Germany, by Courtesy of Messrs. Methuen, the Publishers.

singularly able portraits of others in the strange, eventful history—the Kaiser's grandfather and grandmother, his father and mother, Bismarck, Eulenburg, Holstein, and Bülow, Waldersee, Tirpitz, the Tsar, King Edward, and the rest. Really a remarkable book; and in conjunction with it "My Early Life" may be read with advantage.

E. H. G.

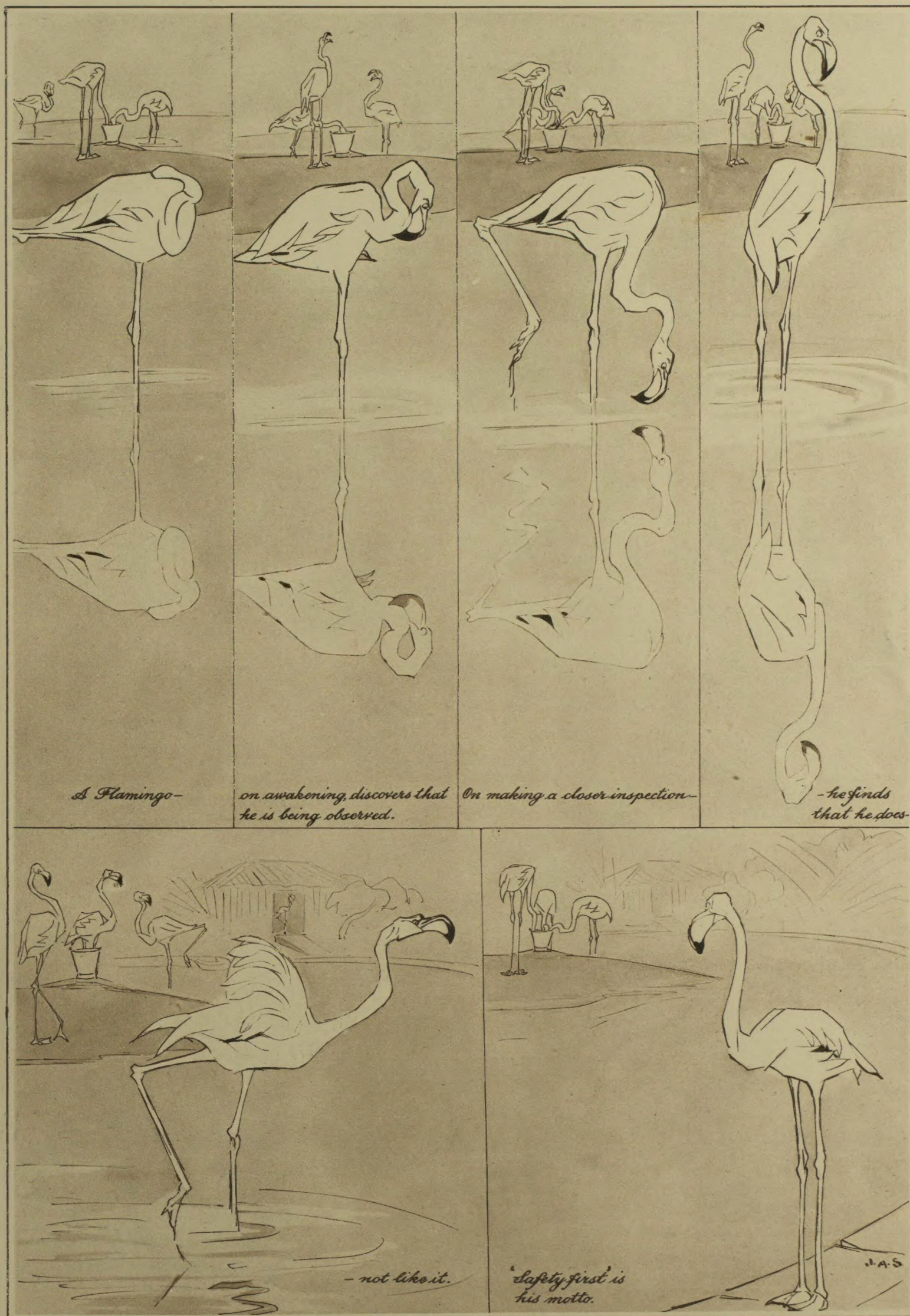
\* "Kaiser Wilhelm II." By Emil Ludwig, author of "Napoleon," etc. Translated from the German by Ethel Colburn Mayne. (G. P. Putnam's Sons; 21s. net.)

"My Early Life." By William II., ex-Emperor of Germany. Translated from the German. (Methuen; 30s. net.)



# HUMOURS OF THE "ZOO": STUDIES OF ANIMAL LIFE.—No. XXXIII.

DRAWN SPECIALLY FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY J. A. SHEPHERD. (COPYRIGHTED.)




## STUPIDER THAN THE BIRD ALICE USED AS A CROQUET Mallet: THE RUDDY FLAMINGO AND ITS "REFLECTIONS."


"With an apparently intuitive perception of its zoological relationship, the Persians apply the name of *kaj-i-surkh* (red goose) to the Flamingo, and have thus forestalled the ornithologists." Very well, then; that explains it; for when we presented the above episode, which we had witnessed, to the keeper of the Three Island Pond, he said that he did not doubt it,

as the Flamingo was the stupidest bird that had ever come under his charge. It had no brains whatever, he declared, and there was nothing more to be said about it. As the keeper is an authority on waders and swimming birds, we must leave our reflections on the Flamingo at that, and the Flamingo to his own.—[Drawing Copyrighted in U.S.A. and Canada.]





# THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



## THE WILD CAT.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

MANY who read this page must also have read, and read with pleasure, the appeal recently made in the Press, by the Society for the Preservation of Nature Reserves, on behalf of the wild cat (Fig. 3); for this animal is in serious danger of extermination, in so far as the British Islands are concerned, and it is a link with the past which we should be loth to sever. It carries us back to Pleistocene times, when the British Islands formed part of the continent of Western Europe; that is to say, when the area now filled by the North Sea formed a wide, well-watered valley, inhabited by troops of mammals long since extinct. Even now the Dogger Bank yields up bones of the mammoth and woolly rhinoceros, wild ox, bison, reindeer, and that magnificent creature known as the "Irish elk." Wolf, hyæna, and beaver are also found.

Then there came a time, only a few thousand years ago, when that valley began to sink, and the cold, grey sea took the place of forest and fen and lordly stream. These creatures were then "marooned," so to speak, on an island from which there was no escape. Stone-age man hunted the elephant and hippopotamus, rhinoceros and Irish elk, lion and

escaped to the wilds and settled down there. The question was raised at the time, but it seems to have been proved that they were genuine wild cats. Nevertheless, it is by no means always easy to distinguish between them; at any rate, where identification rests solely on inexperienced testimony. The genuine wild animal has a larger body, a shorter and thicker tail, and longer fur than the domestic cat, even when this has gained in size by one or two generations of wild life. Of course, I am referring here to domestic cats of the "tabby" or vertically-striped variety. Whether our "tabbies" are the descendants of our own wild species, or of the North African species, as some believe, is a moot point. It is possible that it may contain a mixture of the two. Confusion between the two is perhaps more likely to be made in the case of females, which are smaller than the males.

When I say that the wild cat is the only really formidable wild animal now to be met with in the British Islands, some will, perhaps, remark that it is as well, then, that it should become "extinct." But this is not really a good reason for signing its "death-warrant"; for it is dangerous only when brought to bay, and this is now hardly likely to be done save by those carrying a gun. The young, in the matter of their coloration, differ in nowise from their parents. But the nursery in which they are reared is by no means uniform in its character, for it may be situated in some dense thicket, the hollow stem of a tree, a cleft in the rocks, or the deserted hole of a badger or fox; even the deserted nest of an eagle may be chosen.

I plead also, to-day, not only for the wild cat, but also for two other extremely interesting and rare mammals, once extremely common with us—the pine-marten (Fig. 2) and the polecat (Fig. 1), for the number of these, too, is rapidly decreasing, and it would be a deplorable mistake to allow either to become absolutely exterminated. The pine-marten is a creature of great beauty, a sort of enlarged and glorified stoat. It was, and still is, extremely coveted on account of its fur. In olden days, the robes of kings were trimmed with it. To-day, matrons have whole coats made of it. And for this purpose thousands of skins are annually imported from Courland and Lithuania. It is a creature of singular grace of movement, and equally at home in the tree-tops or on the ground.

A fully-grown male will measure, from the tip of the nose to the tip of the tail, as much as two feet. In its general appearance it may be likened to a very large and long-haired stoat. But few indeed are they who have seen it in its native wilds. For, as its great historian, Mr. J. G. Millais, tells us, it lives, to begin with, far from the haunts of man; either far up in the rocky recesses of the boulder-strewn hillside, or amid the shaggy fir-woods, where only the mountain shepherd or the deer-watcher passes at rare intervals. And, added to these conditions, it further eludes prying eyes by its habit of hunting for its food only at night, dawn, or in the twilight. It lives, indeed, a life of more complete seclusion than any other British mammal, save the hill-badger. Even in the very few favoured localities where it is still holding its own, it is no uncommon thing to meet men who have spent their lives in the neighbourhood without having seen one, or, indeed, having even suspected their presence in the neighbourhood.

In Scotland it haunts the open deer-forests more commonly than the fir-woods. In England it is now met with only in the wildest areas of the Lake District, and in Wales only amid the mountains, where the "Screes" afford it a safe retreat. In other words, it has been forced from its natural arboreal

haunts into wilder, and often treeless, areas. In the Lake District it is, or was till recently, hunted with terriers; but the accounts of this form of "sport" are more than usually sickening: at any rate, it seems to me scarcely "sportsmanship," when the poor beast has been run to earth, to drive it out again by means of burning grass and gunpowder! When cornered at last, the marten fights gamely till overpowered by numbers. Having regard to the increasing encroachments on its haunts, it is to be hoped that the "sport" of marten-hunting will be allowed to drop into desuetude.

Finally, let me say a word for the polecat. One is quite willing to admit that it is a most undesirable neighbour when it takes up its quarters near a poultry farm, but there are yet enough wild places which should be allowed it as a sanctuary. Scanty indeed are records of its haunts and habits; for every man's hand, for generations, has been turned against it, and the rabbit-trap has been the chief engine of destruction. The gamekeeper and the hen-wife were concerned only with slaying it, and thought to "waste" no time in observations as to its mode of life, the seasonal changes of its pelage, and so on.

It may be asked, indeed, and perhaps will be asked, "What is the point of taking all this trouble to preserve beasts which in themselves are destructive, and which no one, save by the merest accident, ever sees? To all intents and purposes these creatures are extinct; why not let it rest at that?" That, however, is not the point. One might just as well ask what is the good of preserving Stonehenge; we can make no real use of it: or St. Paul's Cathedral; we have plenty of other churches! But the same arguments that would be advanced for the preservation of these two landmarks in our national history can be applied with equal force to our native beasts and birds. It is our bounden duty to see that at least a remnant is left.



FIG. 2.—A RARE BRITISH ANIMAL THREATENED WITH EXTERMINATION: THE PINE-MARTEN, WHOSE FUR WAS ONCE USED FOR ROYAL ROBES.

The pine-marten is much in need of careful guardianship, for it is a creature of great beauty, though the shyest and most elusive of all our mammals, save perhaps the hill-badger.



FIG. 1.—UNDESIRABLE NEAR A POULTRY FARM, BUT AS WORTHY OF PRESERVATION AS STONEHENGE: THE POLECAT, NOW EXTREMELY RARE.

The polecat, the parent-form of our ferret, is now extremely rare, and its end has been hastened by the ease with which it could be taken in rabbit-traps. Yet this animal might profitably have been cultivated for its fur.

leopard, and many another long since extinct creature. He must have had exciting times; often the hunted, rather than the hunter. But as man increased in numbers, and improved his methods of slaughter, the doom of these creatures was sealed. Some, like the bear and wild boar, held their own until long after the Norman Conquest, and a remnant yet remains. Surely we need be in no haste to wipe out that remnant, that link with so wondrous a past. No one desires to see wild cats as common even as foxes among us. That possibility has long since passed. It will be all that we can do to keep alive a few pairs in the wildest and most inhospitable parts of the Scottish Highlands, where they can do no real harm, either to person or property. We owe a debt of gratitude to the Dukes of Westminster and Sutherland for the protecting hand which they have spread over such as dwell within their domains; but it is hoped that other landowners will be induced to follow their example; for once a species falls, numerically, below a certain standard, extinction is certain.

The inevitable destruction of our forests has been the principal factor in the reduction of the status of the wild cat; and game-preservation has done the rest. To-day it is doubtful whether any now survive in England in a wild state, though two are reported to have been killed last year in Westmorland. It may be suggested that these were really "feral" cats; that is to say, domestic tabbies which had



FIG. 3.—A LINK WITH PLEISTOCENE TIMES WHICH IS IN DANGER OF EXTINCTION IN THE BRITISH ISLES: THE SCOTTISH WILD CAT.

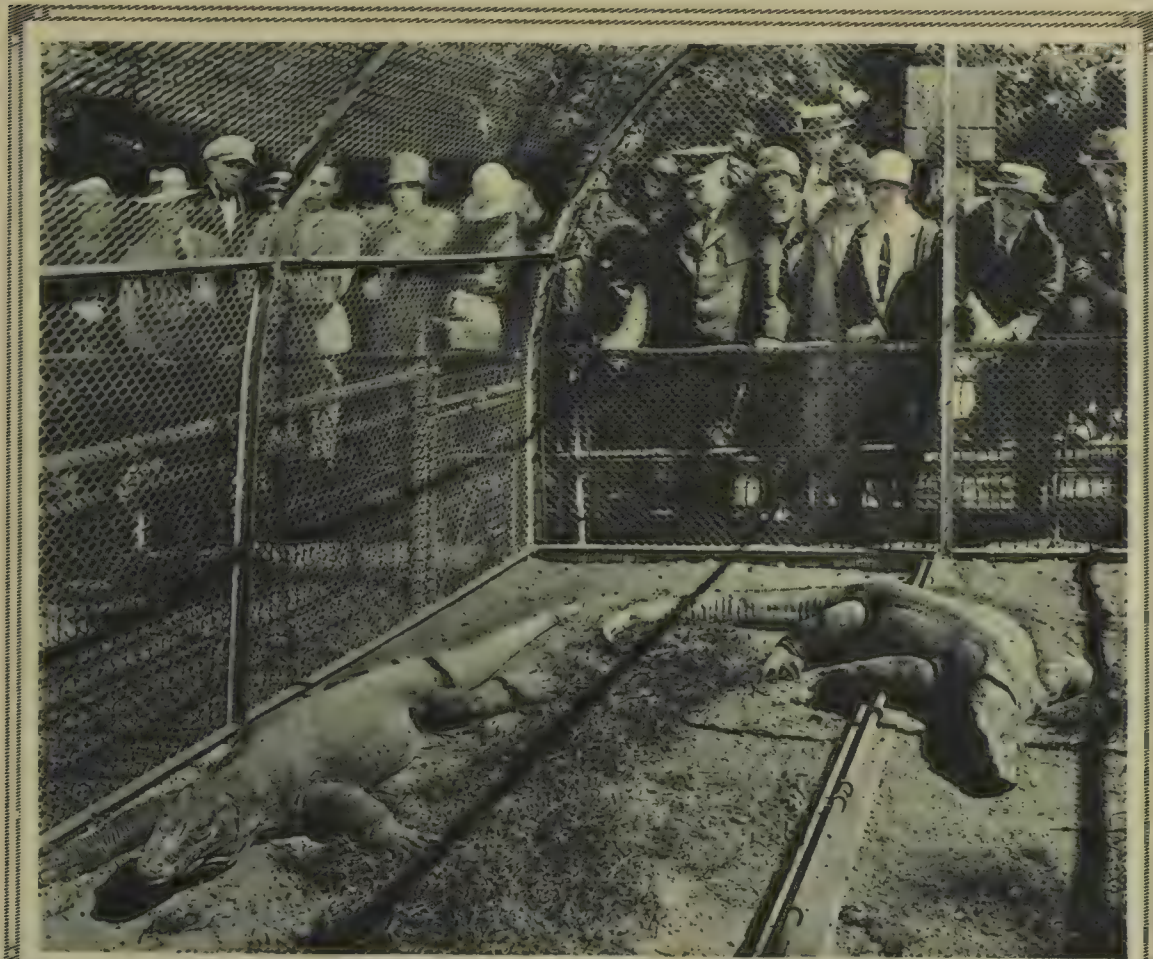
The wild cat is in danger of being ejected from its last remaining stronghold, and it is therefore to be hoped that every effort will be made to avert this calamity, for such it would be to those who have a fondness for our native animals.

Photograph by F. W. Bond.



# LIVING "DINOSAURS": EUROPE'S FIRST SPECIMEN; AND TWO IN NEW YORK.

PHOTOGRAPH NO. 1 BY ELWIN R. SANBORN (COPYRIGHT BY THE NEW YORK ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY); NO. 2 BY VEREENIGDE FOTOBUREAUX; NO. 3 BY COURTESY OF THE DIRECTOR OF THE AMSTERDAM "ZOO."



1.—"THE NEAREST LIVING REPRESENTATIVES OF THE GIANT 60-FEET DINOSAURS" OF PREHISTORIC TIMES: THE TWO BIG CARNIVOROUS MONITOR LIZARDS FROM THE ISLAND OF KOMODO, IN THE DUTCH EAST INDIES, RECENTLY PLACED IN THE "ZOO" AT NEW YORK.



2.—NOT SO FEROCIOUS AS IS REPUTED: THE MONITOR LIZARD IN THE AMSTERDAM "ZOO" ON FRIENDLY TERMS WITH HIS KEEPER.



3.—THE FIRST LIVING SPECIMEN OF A MONITOR LIZARD (*VARANUS KOMODOENSIS*) SEEN IN EUROPE: A FORMIDABLE "DRAGON" OVER NINE FEET LONG, LATELY BROUGHT OVER IN A STEAM-HEATED CABIN, AND PRESENTED TO THE "ZOO" IN AMSTERDAM.

Since we illustrated (in our issue of October 9) the pair of huge Monitor lizards from Komodo recently placed in the New York "Zoo," another one 9 ft. long—the first live specimen seen in Europe—has been presented to the "Zoo" at Amsterdam. It was brought from the Dutch East Indies in the S.S. "Karinata," lodged in a specially built steam-heated cabin. In Komodo and West Flores, the islands where those reptiles still survive, the natives call them "land crocodiles." They are said to be "the nearest living representatives of the giant 60-ft. dinosaurs" of prehistoric times. There have been reports of Monitor lizards

being seen as long as 20 ft. or more, but the Director of the Zoological Museum at Buitenzorg, Java, writes to us: "I do not think they grow much larger than 10 ft. Of their life history not much is known, but they live probably on dead animals mainly, preying also on crabs and the smaller mammals. They seem to be not so dangerous as is rumoured; we never heard of any accident, though they are much dreaded by the natives. The species is already protected, and hunters or naturalists are not allowed to kill or catch any specimen without a special licence."



# MR. FORD'S PARADOX.

By **SIGNOR GUGLIELMO FERRERO,**

*the distinguished Italian Philosophical Historian; Author of "The Greatness and Decline of Rome," "Ruins of the Ancient Civilisations," etc.*

We continue here our monthly series of articles by Signor Ferrero, dealing with world politics as that famous modern historian sees them and interprets them. The views set forth in the series are personal and not necessarily editorial.

A FEW weeks ago Mr. Ford, the celebrated American motor-car maker, announced that he was going to reduce the number of actual weekly working days of his employees to five, while he would continue to pay them the same wages as if they were working six days. Without being deprived of any part of their wages, his workmen would, therefore, only work for forty hours a week, and would enjoy two consecutive holidays.

But the concession in itself is less interesting than the arguments by which Mr. Ford recommended it to his colleagues in American industry as an example worthy to be followed and a reform calculated to strengthen the economic power of the United States. In a declaration published in one of the great English newspapers, Mr. Ford said that the working men as a class are the largest consumers of the products of American industry, and that if they have two days' holiday a week they will be able to consume more; that this consumption, in augmenting, will stimulate production and make it less costly; prices in consequence will fall, wages and profits will increase, and joy and prosperity will become universal!

Modern optimism seems in this case to be taking supreme risks. Up till now we have deified work as the source of prosperity and abundance; are we about to deify idleness and elevate it to the same rank as work? The good news which is given to the world, not by a prophet in revolt, but by one of the most powerful captains of industry of our times, is a paradox which no one expected. It is necessary, in order to increase well-being, prosperity, wealth, and work, to double the holidays of humanity, amend the work of Creation, and add the sixth day of the week to the seventh of the Bible.

This somewhat unexpected paradox is, however, if we consider it carefully, nothing but the logical conclusion of the formidable effort made by the great industrial development of the last century. We have difficulty in understanding it, because we have not yet been able to free ourselves from the pessimism by which the beginnings of the industrial era were overshadowed. At that time it was feared that the great industrial development would condemn the masses to live in misery in order that their masters should be enriched. But is not the real aim of the great development of industry to produce the goods necessary for existence in ever-increasing quantities? If we grant this need of production, the chain of consequences is inevitable. It would be useless to produce if no one consumed the productions; but, in order that the ever-growing mass of production should be consumed, innumerable consumers are required, and they must have time at their disposal. When at the beginning of the industrial era the workmen laboured for sixteen or even eighteen hours a day, there was only time for them to eat and sleep after they left the works. It is for this reason that, as the industrial system developed, the well-being of the masses has increased and the hours of their labour have diminished, so that they might have time to consume what they had produced.

It was neither a triumph of humanitarianism nor of the spirit of Christianity, nor a victory of the organised resistance of the workmen: it was a vital necessity of the new system. The great industrial development would

have died of suffocation if it had not succeeded in increasing the comfort of the masses, in multiplying their needs, in spreading among them habits of luxury and pleasure which, up to that time, had been unknown, and in giving them time to satisfy them. No one knows this better than Mr. Ford, who has daily opportunities of observation. In order that it may prosper, his industrial undertaking requires that many motor-cars shall be worn out. But if they are to be worn out, they must run, and if they

old days was set in motion by the kings, the nobility, and the Church; to-day, the great industrial development having need of enormous outlets, the masses have taken the place of the kings, nobility, and the Church, and given it the work by which it lives. And just as industry in old days had to guess the tastes of its clients, the kings, nobles, and rich prelates, so to-day it must guess what the masses want and what may please them.

It is for this reason that the superior classes who direct modern industrial undertakings are increasingly obliged to learn to take a popular view, and daily to simplify that Western civilisation which was formerly so complicated and refined, in order to adapt it to the popular taste. This fact is specially striking in regard to physical sports, in many amusements, in certain forms of art and literature, and in many political manifestations. Modern life takes on increasingly childish forms. Why? Because it wants to be understood and admired by that great child which is the People. Even the machines which our civilisation has been able to invent, thanks to centuries of effort in science and thought, are transformed by the popular imagination into magic toys, which amuse, surprise, and give day-dreams to the masses, as was the case formerly with religious legends and fairy tales, by actually showing them daily what in old days they were merely told about—the miraculous increase of their powers, and the magical suppression of time and space.

Are we to conclude that the optimism with which the industrial era was announced by its most enthusiastic prophets was entirely justified? Has a new historical epoch begun in which the hard condemnation of Eden will at last be lifted? All those who are even a little conversant with the history of the past will not doubt that few changes have exercised so great an influence on the history of humanity, and that, despite certain inconveniences, our epoch presents considerable advantages in comparison with even the most brilliant periods of the past. But there are also weak points; and Mr. Ford has just brought to light, perhaps even without realising it himself, one of the most important. The modern economic system requires unlimited development in order that it may continue to exist; and, on the other hand, its development is necessarily limited. This is the stumbling block of our time.

Mr. Ford says practically to his less perspicacious and audacious colleagues: "Why do you protest against your workpeople's desire to increase their hours of leisure and their amusements? It is necessary to have time to consume as well as to produce; and as it is useless to produce without consuming . . ." This reasoning is correct; but it might be continued indefinitely, with the consequence that, in order that industry may prosper, more time would have to be given both to production and consumption. But the time

limited to twenty-four hours per day. . . . We have no doubt found means of lengthening the time at our disposal, mainly by reducing the number of hours given to sleep. The modern world sleeps little, perhaps too little; doctors assure us that it is the cause of many of the illnesses that trouble us. But the economy of time which we can effect by curtailing our sleep is limited by the exigencies of our muscles and nerves, which require repose.

We have also lengthened time by intensifying our work and our amusements. When Mr. Ford advocates the reduction of working days as a means of augmenting the time at man's disposal for production and consumption is limited to twenty-four hours per day. . . . We have no doubt found means of lengthening the time at our disposal, mainly by reducing the number of hours given to sleep. The modern world sleeps little, perhaps too little; doctors assure us that it is the cause of many of the illnesses that trouble us. But the economy of time which we can effect by curtailing our sleep is limited by the exigencies of our muscles and nerves, which require repose.

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(Continued on Page 1002.)



THE SEAT OF GOVERNMENT IN SOUTH AFRICA: THE COUNCIL ROOM IN THE UNION BUILDING AT PRETORIA (ILLUSTRATED IN COLOUR ON A DOUBLE PAGE IN THIS NUMBER).



WHERE GENERAL HERTZOG WORKS DURING HIS TERM OF OFFICE IN SOUTH AFRICA: THE PRIME MINISTER'S ROOM IN THE UNION BUILDING AT PRETORIA—SHOWING PRESIDENT KRUGER'S CHAIR (TO LEFT OF DOORWAY).—[Photographs by Alan Yates.]

are to run, it is necessary that many people should have the time to drive over the face of the earth in them!

The more time passes, the more industrial civilisation becomes the paradise of the so-called proletariat. In Europe it is less apparent, because war has for a century periodically disturbed the normal development of the system by making sudden fortunes and causing unexpected ruins. Industrial civilisation can only bring forth all its fruits, good and bad, in times of peace. But America has shown us that modern civilisation, when it is left to develop itself freely in peace time, is the triumph of quantity, and consequently of numbers, masses, and the people. Mr. Ford tells us: the qualitative industry of



## BELGIUM'S CROWN PRINCESS FROM SWEDEN: THE ROYAL WEDDING AT BRUSSELS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROL, C.N., I.B., AND SPEIGHT.



THE BRIDE RECEIVED AT THE CHURCH DOOR BY THE ARCHBISHOP OF MALINES (CENTRE, IN MITRE): (L. TO R.) KING ALBERT, PRINCESS ASTRID, AND HER FATHER, PRINCE CARL OF SWEDEN.



AFTER THE WEDDING: (L. TO R.) FRONT ROW—PRINCESS MARTHA OF SWEDEN, PRINCESS CARL OF SWEDEN, PRINCESS AXEL OF DENMARK, BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM, QUEEN OF THE BELGIANS, QUEEN OF DENMARK, GRAND DUCHESS OF LUXEMBOURG; MIDDLE ROW—PRINCE HENRY (BRITAIN), PRINCE CARL OF SWEDEN, PRINCESS SIXTUS OF BOURBON-PARMA, PRINCESS INGRID OF SWEDEN, PRINCESS RENÉ OF BOURBON-PARMA, PRINCESS MARIE JOSÉ OF BELGIUM, KING OF DENMARK, KING OF THE BELGIANS, PRINCE AXEL OF DENMARK, PRINCE FELIX OF BOURBON-PARMA; BACK ROW—PRINCE EUGEN OF SWEDEN, PRINCE CHARLES OF BELGIUM, PRINCE SIXTUS OF BOURBON-PARMA, PRINCE SIGVARD OF SWEDEN, PRINCE CARL OF SWEDEN, COUNT FOLKE BERNADOTTE, PRINCE GUSTAV ADOLF OF SWEDEN, PRINCE RENÉ OF BOURBON-PARMA.



THE BRIDE'S TRAIN-BEARERS IN THEIR PICTURESQUE WHITE COSTUMES: FOUR YOUNG PAGES BELONGING TO FAMILIES OF THE OLD BELGIAN NOBILITY.



UNDER AN ARCH OF SWORDS FORMED BY PRINCE LEOPOLD'S OLD COMRADES AT THE ÉCOLE MILITAIRE: THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM LEAVING THE CHURCH OF STE. GUDULE.



PACKED WITH AN UNPRECEDENTED CONGREGATION OF ABOUT 9000 GUESTS: THE CHURCH DURING THE CEREMONY—SHOWING THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM (CENTRE BACKGROUND).

The religious ceremony in the marriage of the Crown Prince Leopold of Belgium, Duke of Brabant, and Princess Astrid of Sweden, took place in the historic Church of Ste. Gudule at Brussels on November 10. The bridegroom, of course, is the elder son of the King and Queen of the Belgians, and the bride is the daughter of Prince and Princess Carl of Sweden. Her father is a brother of King Gustav. There was a large gathering of royal relatives, and the church was packed with a congregation of about 9000 people—far more than it had ever

held before. By special permission, most of the women had their heads uncovered. The Archbishop of Malines, who was supported by five Belgian Bishops and fifteen parish curés, met the bridal party at the church door, and conducted the wedding service. As the bride was not a Roman Catholic, there was no Mass. After the wedding there was a family luncheon at the Palace, followed by a reception attended by 3000 guests. In the evening the Crown Prince and Princess left Brussels by motor-car for their honeymoon in the Ardennes.



# A "GREENWICH" OF PREHISTORIC AMERICA: THE ANCIENT

PHOTOGRAPHS AND DIAGRAMS BY MR. OLIVER RICKETSON. (SEE HIS ARTICLE

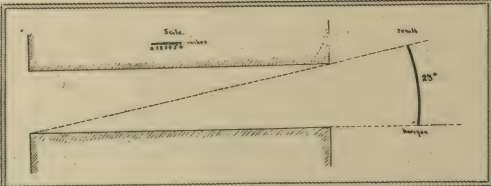


FIG. 1.—WINDOW 3 IN THE CARACOL AT CHICHEN ITZA: A VERTICAL SECTION WITH DOTTED LINES SHOWING THAT AN OBSERVER'S EYE, AT THE LEVEL OF THE BOTTOM SILL, COULD JUST SEE A CELESTIAL BODY 23 DEG. ABOVE THE HORIZON.

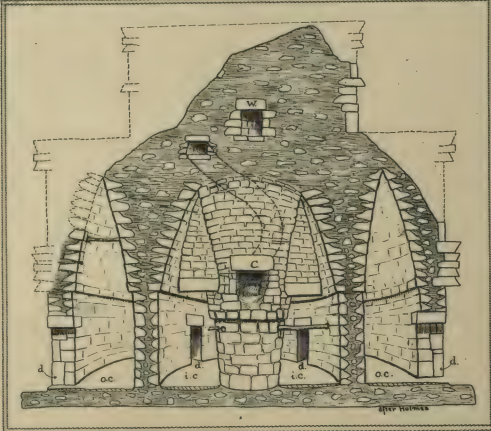


FIG. 2.—INTERIOR OF CARACOL IN CROSS SECTION: D.D., DOORWAYS; O.C., OUTER CORRIDOR; I.C., INNER CORRIDOR; C, CORE; WITH SPIRAL STAIRCASE; W, WINDOW NO. 1, PROBABLY IN AN OBSERVER'S ROOM REACHED BY THE STAIRCASE.



FIG. 3.—AN ANCIENT MAYA OBSERVATORY: THE EXTERIOR OF THE CARACOL AT CHICHEN ITZA, YUCATAN—THE TOP OF THE BUILDING, SHOWING (FROM LEFT TO RIGHT) WINDOWS NOS. 3, 2, AND 1 (SEE PLAN IN FIG. 4).

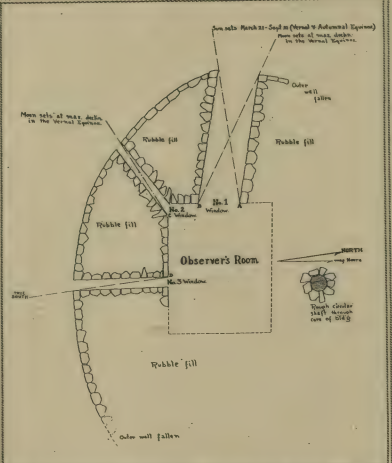


FIG. 4.—THE MAYA OBSERVATORY: A GROUND-PLAN OF THE THREE WINDOWS IN THE TOP OF THE CARACOL AT CHICHEN ITZA, SHOWING THE DIAGONAL LINES WHOSE DIRECTIONS ARE OF ASTRONOMICAL IMPORTANCE.



FIG. 5.—INSIDE AN ANCIENT MAYA OBSERVATORY: THE VIEW THROUGH WINDOW NO. 2 (LOOKING SOUTH - WEST) IN THE CARACOL AT CHICHEN ITZA.

# MAYA ASTRONOMICAL OBSERVATORY DISCOVERED IN YUCATAN.

ON PAGE 984, WITH NUMBERED REFERENCES TO ILLUSTRATIONS BELOW.



FIG. 6.—SHOWING ONE OF THE WINDOWS THROUGH WHICH THE ANCIENT ASTRONOMERS WATCHED THE SKY: THE CARACOL AT CHICHEN ITZA FROM THE EAST.



FIG. 7.—USED MANY CENTURIES AGO BY THE MAYA ASTRONOMERS: A VIEW THROUGH WINDOW NO. 3 (LOOKING SOUTH) IN THE CARACOL AT CHICHEN ITZA.

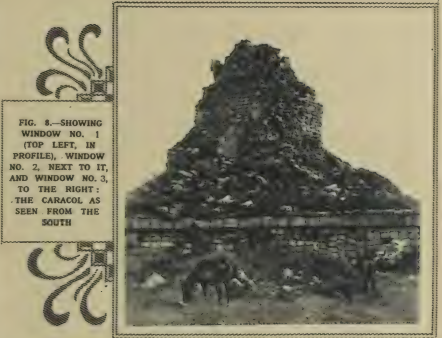


FIG. 8.—SHOWING WINDOW NO. 1 (TOP LEFT, IN PROFILE), WINDOW NO. 2, NEXT TO IT, AND WINDOW NO. 3, TO THE RIGHT: THE CARACOL AS SEEN FROM THE SOUTH.



FIG. 9.—ANOTHER VIEW OF THE ANCIENT OBSERVATORY SHOWING ONE OF THE WINDOWS: THE CARACOL AT CHICHEN ITZA FROM THE NORTH-EAST.

FIG. 10.—WHERE THE OLD ASTRONOMERS MARKED THE VERNAL AND AUTUMNAL EQUINOX: THE LARGEST WINDOW (NO. 1)—IN THE CARACOL AT CHICHEN ITZA—LOOKING WEST.

These photographs illustrate the article on page 984 of this number, by Mr. Oliver Ricketson, describing a recent discovery of remarkable interest made during the excavations of the ancient Maya city of Chichen Itza, in Yucatan. Mr. Ricketson says: "The use of a building now known as 'the Caracol'—a Spanish word meaning 'snail'—has been definitely determined. There can be no further doubt that this building was an astronomical observatory, and this fact is of

the utmost importance, as it is hoped that the complicated and accurate calendar of the Mayas may serve eventually as a time-measure for contemporaneous primitive cultures, even as far north as the Pueblo and Cliff-Dwellers of the south-western United States. Heretofore the methods of Maya astronomers have not been known." The details of the structure, and especially the windows, of the Caracol, are fully explained in Mr. Ricketson's article.



## A "GREENWICH OBSERVATORY" OF PREHISTORIC AMERICA.

### REMARKABLE DISCOVERIES AT CHICHEN ITZA, IN YUCATAN.

By OLIVER RICKETSON. (See preceding Double-page of Illustrations, Numbered to Correspond with References in the following Article.)

IN northern Yucatan, Mexico, there are extensive ruins of an ancient city called Chichen Itza. This name signifies "the mouth of the wells of the Itza," and is obviously due to the presence there of two large

meaning "snail") has been definitely determined. There can be no further doubt that this building was an astronomical observatory, and this fact is of the utmost importance, as it is hoped that the complicated and accurate calendar of the Mayas may serve eventually as a time-measure for contemporaneous primitive cultures, even as far north as the Pueblo and Cliff Dwellers of the south-western United States. Heretofore, the methods of Maya astronomers have not been known; they could only be inferred from our knowledge of the crude astronomic methods employed by other and less civilised peoples.

The Caracol occupies a prominent position, the tower standing on a rectangular substructure, which is in turn built upon a very large and massive rectangular platform. Access to it is by broad flights of steps on the western side. The tower itself is a circular one, in striking contrast to other Maya buildings. Only one other circular building is at present known in the Maya area, and that is a tower somewhat similar to the Caracol, found in Mayapan, and now in a very ruined condition.

The Caracol is built, like all typical Maya buildings, of stone and rubble, and consists of two concentric circular corridors around a solid core (see Fig. 2 on preceding double-page). The outer wall is pierced by four doorways, facing the four cardinal points of the compass; the inner wall is pierced by four doorways midway between the outer ones—i.e., facing the sub-cardinal points. This arrangement, as well as having some possible astronomical significance, naturally made the inner sanctuary more secret. In the central core of the tower, approximately ten feet from the floor level, is an opening into a hidden spiral staircase that no doubt once led to the top, though the upper and northern portion of the building is so fallen that the exact destination of this diminutive staircase remains conjectural. The writer believes that this stairway once led to an observer's room, from which astronomic observations could be made.

Both the circular corridors concentrically arranged around the core are vaulted, and are typical examples of the Maya arch (See Fig. 13 below). It is not a true

arch with a keystone, but is of the variety known as "corbelled." In this construction, each course of stone projects beyond its neighbour beneath, until the two sides nearly meet under the capstone (see Fig. 13). Had the Maya made the union of the two sides of the vault and the capstone a firmer one, their arch would have been a more solid type of construction. It is interesting to note that the shape of these vault stones



FIG. 11.—A GROUND PLAN OF THE CARACOL: A DIAGRAM INDICATING (IN THE CENTRE) THE SPIRAL STAIRCASE AROUND THE VERTICAL SHAFT IN THE CORE OF THE BUILDING.

"cenotes," or natural wells. The city was first founded by a powerful Maya tribe, the Itza, at a period corresponding to the seventh century of our era, but, for some reason unknown to us, it was later abandoned, and the Itza migrated to Chakanputun, a site in the present state of Campeche, Mexico. There they presumably remained until the tenth century, when, after suffering a defeat in the west—very possibly administered by Aztecs—they returned to their old home, and their fortunes prospered again.

The Itza have a long and interesting history. Suffice it to say that in the middle of the fifteenth century, some years before the advent of the Spanish conquerors, the city of Chichen Itza fell under the attack of a chieftain named Hunnac Ceel ("The Cold Fear"), an Aztec who had risen from slave beginnings to the leadership of the city of Mayapan, "the Fortress." If he was not actually a slave, he was at least a prisoner of war at one time of his career, for it is recorded in the Book of Chilán Balam of Chumayel that the ruler of Mayapan, Hunnac Ceel, was he who had been thrown as a living sacrifice into the Sacred Cenote of Chichen Itza and had survived, thereby earning his freedom and great honour. After this defeat by Hunnac Ceel, Chichen Itza was handed over to the Aztec mercenaries of Mayapan, as the spoils of war. Not long afterwards, the whole Maya Confederacy, known as the League of Mayapan, came to an end through civil war; famine and pestilence followed, and the Itza retreated southward to inaccessible Lake Peten Itza in Guatemala. There, the last independent Maya tribe, they resisted the Spanish Conquistadores for over one hundred years; and there, amid the ruins of their Peten city, Tayasal, their descendants (plus a strong admixture of Spanish and negro blood) may today be visited by any traveller hardy enough to attempt the journey.

In January 1924 the Carnegie Institution of Washington began a ten-years' excavation project at Chichen Itza, and, besides many other discoveries of archaeological interest, the use of a building now known as "the Caracol" (a Spanish word



FIG. 12.—THE BEST-PRESERVED OF MAYA BUILDINGS: THE CASA COLORADO, AS IT APPEARS FROM THE "OBSERVATORY" AT CHICHEN ITZA.

The Casa Colorado (Red House) is said to be the best-preserved ruin in the Maya area.

is always the same (see Fig. 13, inset), and that the builders made them so that the centre of gravity fell back of the line A—B. Because of this, no supporting scaffolding was necessary during the construction of a vault: each stone lay in position by its own weight (see Fig. 13), while masses of rubble (lime mortar and rough stone) piled on the "tails" of the lower courses held the latter securely in position.

From the earliest times visitors to Chichen Itza have noted the large window-like structure that faces the west on the badly dilapidated top of the Caracol. Photographs taken from the ground by Mr. Maudslay in the eighteen-eighties show the presence of another window also. But no attempt to determine their function was made until the past season (1925), when it was noticed that in January the sun was setting well to the south of Window I., and regular observations were made from that time on until the end of June. Since Window I. faces the west, observations were possible only at sunset, but during the dry season in Yucatan the sun is visible at sunset almost every evening.

During February the sun crept slowly north, the dead level country of Yucatan offering an unbroken horizon on which to observe. March came, and the writer regretfully admitted that by the vernal equinox the sun could never reach the mid-line of the window. A fortnight before the 21st, however, it occurred to him that by sighting along the diagonals of the window a far more exact observation of any celestial object might be taken than by sighting along the mid-line, and observations proceeded on this basis. On March 21 the sun set on the diagonal drawn from the point A, just inside the window jamb (see Fig. 4). This seemed too great a coincidence to be accidental, and careful measurements were then made of the western window, and of the two

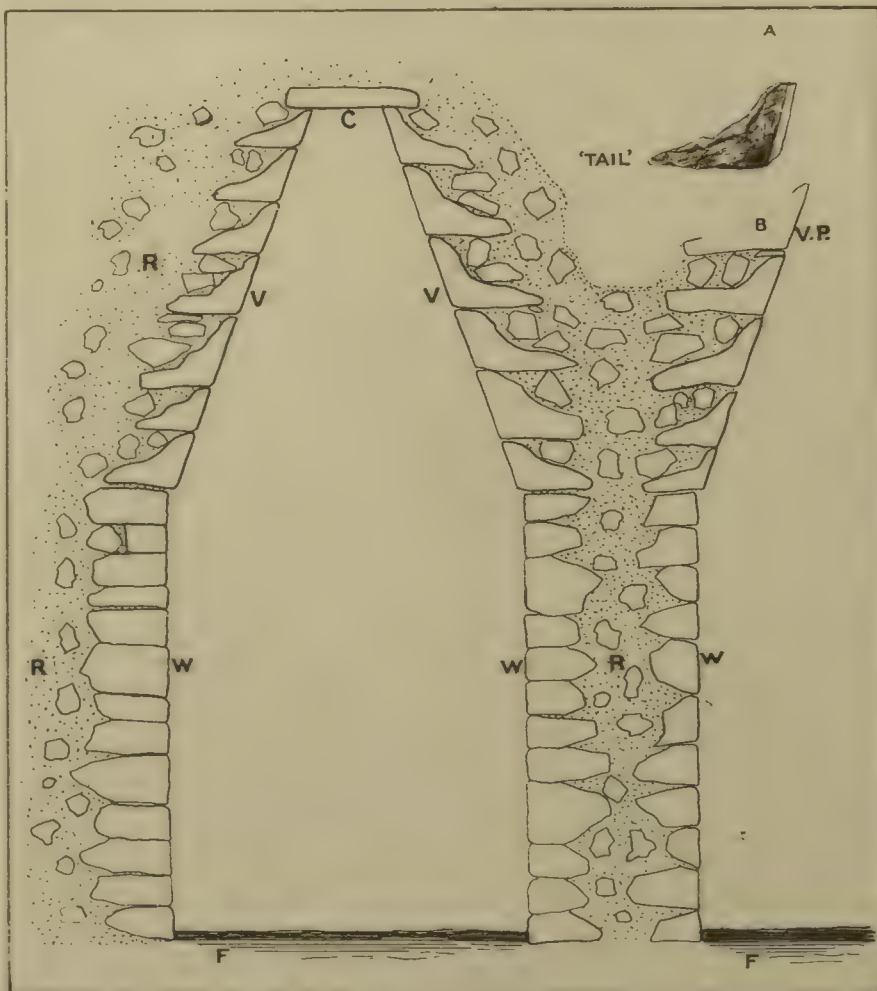


FIG. 13. METHODS OF ANCIENT MAYA ARCHITECTURE: A TYPICAL ARCH, SHOWING SPECIALLY SHAPED STONES AND (INSET) A TYPICAL VAULT-STONE.

The lettering indicates: w, wall stones; v, vault-stones; v.p., vault-stone in position during construction; f, floor; c, capstone; r, rubble filling of rough stone and mortar. Maya vault-stones, as shown in the small diagram, were so shaped that the centre of gravity lay in the "tail," to the left of the line A—B.

(Continued on Page 1008.)



# PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TRANSOCEAN, MANUEL, KEYSTONE, CENTRAL PRESS, UNDERWOOD AND UNDERWOOD, VAUGHAN AND FREEMAN, SPORT AND GENERAL, AND I.B.



SHARING THE NOBEL PRIZE FOR PHYSICS (1925): PROF. FRANCK.



THE NOBEL PRIZE, CHEMISTRY (1925): PROF. R. ZSIGMONDY.



THE NOBEL PRIZE FOR PHYSICS (1926): PROF. J. PERRIN.



THE LEADER OF THE CATALAN PLOT ARRESTED: COL. MACIA.



A FAMOUS ETON MASTER: THE LATE MR. H. E. LUXMOORE.



NEW PRESIDENT OF BRAZIL: DR. WASHINGTON LUIS.



EX-SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES; THE LATE "UNCLE JOE" CANNON.



THE FIRST JOINT ANGLO-GERMAN TRIBUTE TO GERMAN DEAD IN ENGLAND: A WAR COMMEMORATION IN THE SOLDIERS' CEMETERY, BIRMINGHAM, WHERE AN ENGLISH GIRL LAID A WREATH ON A GERMAN GRAVE.



SURPRISED AT RECEIVING THE 1925 NOBEL PRIZE FOR LITERATURE: MR. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW.



THE "STRONG MAN" OF POLAND WHOSE POSSIBLE DICTATORSHIP HAS BEEN MUCH DISCUSSED: MARSHAL PILSUDSKI AT A GREAT MILITARY REVIEW IN WARSAW ON ARMISTICE DAY.



THE KING'S REPRESENTATIVE AT THE ROYAL WEDDING IN BRUSSELS: PRINCE HENRY, WITH PRINCESS INGRID OF SWEDEN, AT THE MARRIAGE OF THE CROWN PRINCE OF BELGIUM AND PRINCESS ASTRID OF SWEDEN.

The Swedish Academy has awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature (1925) to Mr. Bernard Shaw, who expressed surprise. The Physics Prize (1925) is shared by Professor J. Franck, of Göttingen University, and Professor Hertz, of Halle; while that for 1926 goes to Professor Jean Perrin, of the Sorbonne. The 1925 Prize for Chemistry is given to Professor Richard Zsigmondy, of Göttingen, and that for 1926 to Professor Svedberg, of Upsala University.—Colonel Macia, the leader of the Catalan plot, was arrested in Paris on November 13.—Mr. H. E. Luxmoore, who died at Eton at the age of eighty-three on November 11, had been a Master there for over forty years, and was well known and beloved by generations of Etonians. He retired in 1908.—Dr. Luis, the new President of the United States of Brazil,

visited Europe last year.—Mr. Joseph G. Cannon, popularly known in the United States as "Uncle Joe," had been a member of the House of Representatives for nearly fifty years, and was Speaker from 1903 to 1911.—At the Soldiers' Cemetery in Birmingham, on November 14, an orphaned English girl, whose father was killed in the war, laid a wreath on the grave of one of the German soldiers who died in hospital there. Dr. Otto Meynen, of the German Consulate, placed another wreath, while a group of British officers saluted. It was the first time English and Germans had together paid tribute to German dead in England.—The political future of Marshal Pilsudski, the "deliverer" of Poland, has been much discussed, and it has been hinted that he might become Dictator.



## FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP BOOK: INTERESTING

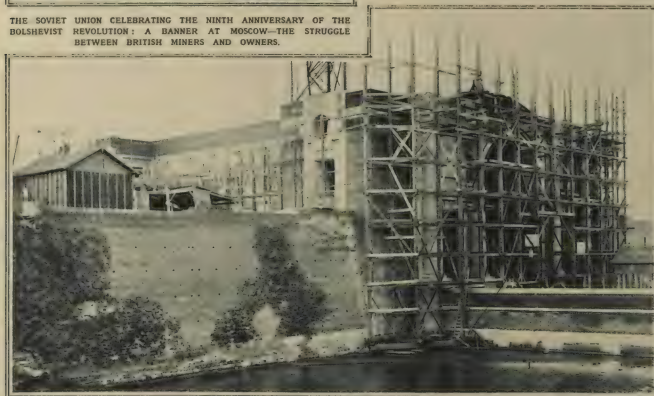
PHOTOGRAPHS BY P. AND A. FOX, C.N.



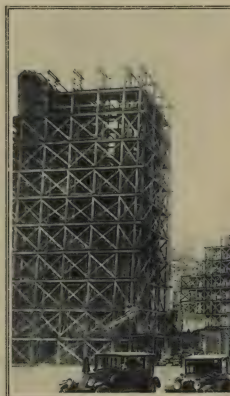
THE SOVIET UNION CELEBRATING THE NINTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE BOLSHEVIST REVOLUTION: A BANNER AT MOSCOW—THE STRUGGLE BETWEEN BRITISH MINERS AND OWNERS.



THE MYSTERIOUS CATALAN CASE: TWENTY-SEVEN ACCUSED BEING COUNTED BY INSPECTORS AFTER THEY HAD BEEN BROUGHT TO THE OFFICES OF THE PUBLIC PROSECUTOR IN PARIS.



NEARING COMPLETION: THE GREAT MENIN GATE WAR MEMORIAL, YPRES, ON WHICH WILL BE INSCRIBED IN STONE THE NAMES OF 60,000 MISSING WHO FELL IN THE SALIENT AND HAVE NO KNOWN GRAVES.



REGAINING ANCIENT GLORIES SHATTERED AT YPRES AND THE CATHEDRAL



ARMISTICE DAY IN WIESSBADEN: THE IMPRESSIVE SERVICE IN FRONT OF THE FAMOUS KURHAUS.

The whole of the Soviet Union celebrated the ninth anniversary of the Bolshevik Revolution on November 7, and there were thirty-five official "slogans" for use on banners. One of these asserted the Russian miners' intention to increase their support to the British miners. It was reported on November 2 that French gendarmerie had detained, near Perpignan and at Estagel, forty-five Spaniards and Italians; and it was then said that the arrests were in connection with reports received concerning revolutionary organizations against Spain. The accused 'came from Paris, and declared that they were tourists. It was in connection with the same affair that Colonel Ricciotti Garibaldi, who lives in Nice, and was taken to Paris, was questioned. Twenty-seven of the alleged conspirators were brought to Paris on November 15. Their leader denied that Colonel Garibaldi had any connection with them.

(Continued opposite.)



"THE LUCK OF EDENHALL" ON EXHIBITION AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM: THE FAMOUS TENTH-CENTURY VENETIAN GLASS CUP.

## TOPICAL EVENTS RECORDED BY ILLUSTRATION.

S. AND G., TOPICAL, AND "TIMES."



ACTING ALSO AS A TRACTOR FOR AN ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN: A POLISH GAS-TANK DURING THE MANOEUVRES OF THE WARSAW GARRISON—SHOWING THE LONG CYLINDERS OF GAS AND (ABOVE THEM) THE GAS-EJECTORS.



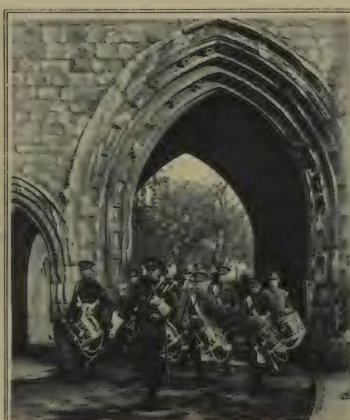
THE SOVIET UNION'S CELEBRATION: A BANNER—SIR AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN AND M. POINCARÉ "PUTTING THEIR HEADS TOGETHER."



IN THE GREAT WAR: THE CLOTH HALL IN COURSE OF RE-BUILDING.



IN CONFERENCE WITH MEMBERS OF THE ASSOCIATION IN FEDERAL AND STATE PARLIAMENTS: MEMBERS OF THE PARLIAMENTARY ASSOCIATION IN PARLIAMENT HOUSE, SYDNEY.



THE DEDICATION OF NEW DRUMS FOR THE 5th "GREEN HOWARDS," AT BRIDLINGTON: THE TROOPS AT THE OLD PRIORY CHURCH.



AFTER A "BATTLE" BETWEEN 3 BANDITS AND 100 POLICE: THE TOMBS PRISON YARD, NEW YORK.

The famous cup known as "The Luck of Edenhall," of which it was written "If e'er that Cup should break or fall, Farewell the Luck of Edenhall," has been lent to the Victoria and Albert Museum for a few weeks, by Sir Nigel Courtenay Musgrave. It is of green glass, enamelled with a pattern in crimson, blue, and yellow. The legend has it that fairies left it by a well near the house. For many years, the cup has been kept in the Bank of England—in a fifteenth-century leather case. The recent fight in the Tombs Prison, New York, was between three bandits—who were awaiting trial, had been supplied with guns and ammunition by an unknown visitor, had escaped from their cells, and had broken into the office of the governor of the gaol, whom they shot—and a hundred police reserves. Thousands of shots were fired.—"The Green Howards" is the nickname of the Princess of Wales's Own (Yorkshire Regiment),



# THE FOREIGN SCENE: ROYALTIES, EX-ROYALTIES, AND OTHER NOTABLES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N., TOPICAL, KEYSTONE, P. AND A., PHOTOPRESS, AND WIDE WORLD PHOTOS.



THE GERMAN EX-CROWN PRINCE (LEFT) TAKES UP GOLF: A LESSON IN DRIVING FROM A WELL-KNOWN SCOTTISH PROFESSIONAL (RIGHT) AT WANNSEE.



AN AUSTRIAN EX-ARCHDUKE OPENS A DELIKATESSEN SHOP IN VIENNA: HERR "LEOPOLD WOLFLING."



LATELY IN DISPUTE WITH KOREAN SALVATIONISTS AT SEOUL, WHERE HE DISMISSED 200 "OFFICERS": "GENERAL" BOOTH WARMLY WELCOMED BY JAPANESE AT YOKOHAMA.



WITH DEPUTIES AND "STRANGERS" IN THE GALLERY (INCLUDING WOMEN) IN WESTERN DRESS: THE OPENING OF THE TURKISH PARLIAMENT AT ANGORA—GHAZI PASHA (THE PREMIER) SPEAKING.



A MOSCOW BOLSHEVIST CELEBRATION ASSOCIATED WITH ANTI-BRITISH PROPAGANDA RIKOV AND KARAKHAN AT THE NINTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION.



THE EX-KAISER IN A DOMESTIC SETTING: OUT FOR A WALK WITH HIS SECOND WIFE AT DOORN.



THE QUEEN OF RUMANIA'S AMERICAN TOUR, CURTAILED AT KING FERDINAND'S REQUEST: (L. TO R.) MR. SAMUEL HILL, QUEEN MARIE, PRINCE NICHOLAS, PRINCESS ILEANA, AND THE MAYOR OF PORTLAND, ORE., AT THE MARYHILL MUSEUM DEDICATION.



BROUGHT TO PARIS AND ARRESTED IN CONNECTION WITH THE CATALAN PLOT: COLONEL RICCIOTTI GARIBALDI.

"General" Bramwell Booth, the head of the Salvation Army, who is touring in the East, recently returned to Tokio from Korea, where he had dismissed 200 Korean S.A. "officers" for "un-Christian insubordination."—President Kemal Pasha opened the Turkish Parliament on November 1. "We are friendly," he said, "with Soviet Russia and Persia, and the delimitations of frontiers with Iraq and Syria are a happy augury of our relations with England and France." Turkey's policy is essentially one of peace. The simultaneous presence at Angora of Chinese, Russian, Persian, and Afghan representatives suggested the

possibility of an Asiatic league under Soviet guidance.—The ninth anniversary of the Russian Revolution was celebrated in Moscow on Sunday, November 7. The Soviet Press on the occasion was anti-British. The "Pravda" said: "The miners' strike aims at the very heart of the British industrial system, just as the Chinese revolution aims at its roots."—Queen Marie of Rumania, whose American tour has been marred by discord in her entourage, was lately requested by King Ferdinand to return in time for Christmas. She accordingly cancelled part of her trip.—Colonel Garibaldi was arrested in Paris on November 13.



## WONDERS OF SOUTH AFRICAN SCENERY: A GREAT PONDOLAND WATERFALL.

FROM THE WATER-COLOUR BY THE REV. J. W. R. BROCKLEBANK, IN HIS RECENT EXHIBITION, "A SUMMER'S WORK IN SOUTH AFRICA," AT THE ARLINGTON GALLERY. (COPYRIGHTED)



"MAQUA FALLS, PONDOLAND": A REMARKABLE CATARACT OVER A SHEER PRECIPICE—  
ONE OF THE MOST IMPRESSIVE SIGHTS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

At a point fifteen miles north of Port St. John, on the Coast of Pondoland, in the eastern part of the Cape Province, the river Maqua suddenly breaks off in a cataract over a sheer precipice. The Maqua Falls, which are not far from Lusikisiki and St. Andrew's Mission Station, are considered to be among the finest sights in South Africa. Pondoland is one of the districts forming the Transkeian Territories (between the Kei and Natal), which at various times were incorporated in the Cape

Province. When the Prince of Wales was in South Africa last year, he met the paramount chiefs of the Transkei at Umtata, where twenty thousand natives had assembled from Pondoland, Tembuland, and Griqualand East. The scenery of Pondoland is very beautiful and impressive. Its characteristic features are undulating plains, steep and picturesque mountains, and deep valleys. The vegetation near the coast is luxuriant.



# THE ARCHITECTURAL "CROWN" OF SOUTH AFRICA: THE MAGNIFICENT SEAT OF THE UNION GOVERNMENT.

AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALAN YATES. PRETORIA



ON ONE OF THE WORLD'S FINEST SITES. A RUGGED HILL ABOVE PRETORIA: THE UNION BUILDING AND ITS BEAUTIFUL TERRACED GARDENS AT THE CAPITAL OF SOUTH AFRICA.

The Union Building, which accommodates all the South African Departments of State, is situated in Pretoria, the administrative capital. The foundation-stone was laid in 1910 by the Duke of Connaught in the name of King George, to commemorate the unification of South Africa. The work was finally completed in 1913 at a cost of more than a million sterling. The site of the Union Building is Meintjeskop, the highest point on a rugged hillside overlooking the picturesque city and its suburbs. When the building was in course of construction, Lord Selborne, formerly High Commissioner in South Africa, observed that the site was one of the finest in the world. He rightly predicted that visitors would come from all over the globe, perceive the beauty of the structure, and be inspired by the fore-

thought and courage of the men who had undertaken it. The architect entrusted with this great work was Sir Herbert Baker, A.R.A. The building is grouped in three main blocks—the eastern and western wings are connected by a large semi-circular colonnade, crowned by sister towers 150 ft. high. The semi-circular colonnade block forms a large amphitheatre, capable of accommodating about ten thousand people. The frontage of the building extends over a total length of 300 yards. The terraced gardens below the building present a riot of colour, particularly during the summer. The headquarters of the South African Government in London are located at South Africa House, Trafalgar Square, W.C.2, where full information concerning the Union may be obtained from the Publicity Agent.



# A LEGACY OF THE CRUSADES: AFRICAN CHIEFS IN "MEDIAEVAL" HELMETS.

FROM THE PAINTING BY ALEXANDER JACOVITZ, DONI DURING THE CITROËN CENTRAL AFRICAN EXPEDITION,  
AND SHOWN AT HIS RECENT EXHIBITION IN PARIS. (COPYRIGHTED.)



WEARING STRANGE HELMETS OF A DESIGN DERIVED FROM THOSE OF THE OLD CRUSADERS,  
AND INTRODUCED INTO AFRICA DURING THE MUSSULMAN INVASIONS: DJERMA WARRIORS  
AT NIAMEY, IN THE NIGER AND LAKE CHAD REGION.

During the Citroën expedition through Central Africa, by caterpillar-wheeled motor-cars, these weirdly clad warriors were seen at Niamey, in the region of the Niger and Lake Chad. "They were caparisoned from head to foot," says a French writer, "in a kind of armour of metalised material, impenetrable by arrows. Their bizarre helmets recalled those of the Middle Ages. We were astonished to learn that the origin of this equipment—so

different from the usual Negro dress—had been traced to that worn by the ancient knights of France in the Crusades. Examples of the beautiful armour worn by Crusaders in Palestine and Syria had been copied in a degenerate style and introduced into Africa during the Musselman invasions." Thus in the course of centuries they had developed into these extraordinary travesties of mediæval armour.



# NATIVE LIFE IN CENTRAL AFRICA: STUDIES BY A RUSSIAN ARTIST.

FROM THE DRAWINGS BY ALEXANDER JACOVLEFF, DONE DURING THE CITROËN CENTRAL AFRICAN EXPEDITION, AND SHOWN AT HIS RECENT EXHIBITION IN PARIS.



WITH HER BABY HELD IN A KIND OF SLING:  
A WOMAN OF THE BANDA BAMBARI TRIBE  
(FRENCH EQUATORIAL AFRICA).



AFRICAN BOYHOOD: A GROUP OF YOUTHS  
DISPORTING THEMSELVES IN A FOREST STREAM  
(FRENCH EQUATORIAL AFRICA).



A DIGNIFIED NATIVE AFRICAN RULER: SULTAN BARMA  
MATA OF ZINDER (NIGER COLONY).



DAUGHTERS OF A MANGBETOU CHIEF WITH SIXTY-THREE WIVES—EKIBONDO, WITH WHOM THE ARTIST  
AND A FRENCH FRIEND STAYED SOME TIME AS GUESTS: TITI AND NARANGHE (BELGIAN CONGO).



AN AFRICAN WARRIOR: MAGEMMA, CHIEF OF THE HORSE-  
MEN TO SULTAN SERKY BUSSA (LAKE CHAD REGION).

These interesting drawings, like that given in colour on page 992, were done by M. Jacovleff during the Citroën expedition across Africa so successfully conducted last year by M. Georges Haardt and M. Audouin-Dubreuil. The artist's work has since been shown in Paris, at the Galerie Charpentier, and more recently at the Pavillon Marsan. A French account of the expedition says: "The descent towards the Belgian Congo, the sojourn at Buta and Stanleyville, the crossing of the Bas-Ouélé and Haut-Ouélé, in the direction of Lake Albert, familiarised the mission with some very interesting races. The Mangbetous, an

aristocratic tribe of the Medjé race, give the impression of a decadent rather than a primitive people, and their civilisation is strangely refined. M. Jacovleff and M. Léon Poirier stayed for some time as guests of their chief, Ekibondo, near Niangara, and learnt to realise the life of this African 'Sybarite.' Ekibondo has built his bamboo house under the shade of palms beside a clear and picturesque stream, and there he dwells by himself, while each of his wives (there are sixty-three of them) has her own particular hut. The Mangbetous are artists, and produce remarkably original pottery, ivory carving, and basket work."



# AFRICA'S RACIAL VARIETY: REMARKABLE STUDIES BY A RUSSIAN ARTIST.

FROM THE DRAWINGS BY ALEXANDER JACOVLEFF, DONE DURING THE CITROËN CENTRAL AFRICAN EXPEDITION, AND SHOWN AT HIS RECENT EXHIBITION IN PARIS. (COPYRIGHTED.)



VARIED AFRICAN TYPES: (1) KIBOMA, A M'GOGO GIRL (TANGANYIKA); (2) N'GANI ALABOUA BAMBILI (BELGIAN CONGO); (3) A M'GOGO WOMAN; (4) A HAUSA WOMAN (ZINDER, NIGER); (5) A MAKERE BOMBILI DANCER (HAUT-OUELLÉ); (6) A BORNOU GIRL (LAKE CHAD); (7) MAGEMMA, CHIEF OF SULTAN SERKY BUSSA'S HORSEMEN (LAKE CHAD); (8) RABEARIWELO, A MADAGASCAR POET; (9) MAHOMED ALI SONRAI (SUDAN).

"In the expedition of MM. Haardt and Audouin-Dubreuil across the dark continent," says a French writer on the Citroën Central African expedition, "cinematography played a considerable rôle; but pictorial art also, thanks to the pencil and brush of M. Alexander Jacovleff, recorded the aspects of a wonderfully rich and varied world, and collected anthropological documents of priceless value. M. Jacovleff, who is a Russian, studied painting in Petrograd, Paris, and (above all) in Italy. A taste for adventure and fresh experiences led him first to the Far East, and he stayed a long time in China and Japan, whence he brought back many pictures and material for illus-

tration, notably on the Japanese theatre. He seized with alacrity the chance of accompanying the Haardt Mission as far as Madagascar. Besides a large portrait group of the expedition in an African setting, M. Jacovleff's work falls into several categories—landscape sketches, studies of human types, and animal painting. His work forms a complete ethnographic and zoological record. The African races henceforth have their painter, and he is a great painter. Negro art is in fashion, but M. Jacovleff's work is no mere adaptation thereof. It is, if one may say so, analytical. His aim has been to capture the essential traits of the very varied types that he encountered."



## NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY: CAMERA RECORDS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY L.N.A., TOPICAL, P. AND A., AND G.P.U.



A SERIOUS LANDSLIDE AT CWM, WHICH RAISED A RIVER'S BED FOUR FEET AND ALTERED THE TORRENT'S COURSE: FLOODED HOUSES, AND THE FLOODED SCHOOL WHOSE RETAINING WALL WAS BLOWN UP IN ORDER TO SAVE THE MAIN ROAD.



OBEYING A NEW REGULATION IMPOSED BY THE UNIVERSITY AUTHORITIES: AN OXFORD UNDERGRADUATE FIXING A GREEN LIGHT TO THE WIND-SCREEN OF HIS MOTOR-CAR.



A CONTEST BETWEEN RESIDENTS AT BROMLEY AND THE L.C.C.: A BARRING WALL SET UP AT THE END OF ALEXANDRA CRESCENT, TO FRUSTRATE THE COUNCIL.



TO BE USED ON THE EXPERIMENTAL SEAPLANE SERVICE BETWEEN KHARTOUM AND UGANDA AND KENYA: THE "PELICAN," AT ROCHESTER.



THE MOUNTAIN WHICH MOVED A NUMBER OF INCHES AND CAUSED DISASTER IN CWM: DOMEN FAWR AND THE FLOODED WATERS AT ITS FOOT, SEEN FROM A WINDOW OF A HOUSE IN THE DEVASTATED AREA.



A NEW ARTIFICIAL-SUNLIGHT CLINIC: PRINCESS MARIE LOUISE AT THE MILD MAY MEMORIAL HOSPITAL, NEWINGTON GREEN ROAD, ISLINGTON.



THE CRAZE FOR NEWSPAPER COMPETITIONS: A SPECIAL DEPARTMENT AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE DEALING WITH "ENTRY" LETTERS ADDRESSED TO THE E.C. AREA.

The heavy rains of last week caused a landslide on Domen Fawr, at the foot of which is the mining town, Cwm, near Ebbw Vale, Monmouthshire. Many acres of land moved and forced big rubbish "tips" into the river, causing its bed to be raised four feet over a distance of about 130 yards, and the swollen torrent to be diverted into the main street. Much damage was done.—There is a dispute between residents of Alexandra Crescent, Bromley, and the L.C.C. Downham Estate Agents. The L.C.C. intended to link up the public road seen in the background of the photograph with the private road seen in the foreground, in order to make a main road through the two estates into Bromley. To prevent this, the residents of Alexandra Crescent set up the barring wall shown.—The "Pelican" seaplane is of the type used by Sir Alan Cobham.—So great has become the craze for solving the competitions in newspapers that at a certain hour of the day one department of the General Post Office is employing five hundred men to sort "entry" letters for delivery in the E.C. area. About ten million such letters are dealt with each month.



# THE WATERLOO BALL:

A DETERMINATION OF THE LOCALE OF THE MOST FAMOUS BALL IN HISTORY.

By LIEUT.-COLONEL C. C. R. MURPHY.

HISTORIC events are either enhanced or obscured by their setting, and are in direct ratio to their importance. Those of the first magnitude stand out, like the stars, the clearer and brighter from their stupendous surroundings, while those of mere interest are merged in them, and only brought back to notice by some stray chance. Of this latter class, the ball given by the Duchess of Richmond, known as the Waterloo Ball, is a striking example. Here we have an event embedded in historic happenings, a mere oasis of pleasure in a life and death struggle; one that was obscured by the terrific clash of events surrounding and succeeding it, and then rescued from oblivion by a poet's vision. The stray chance was Lord Byron.

Scarcely had the smoke of the battle cleared away, when Byron, discerning the romantic character of the

in 1868 she could find neither the house nor the street. Then, again, in the issue of *The Illustrated London News* for June 16, 1923, it was stated that as long ago as the middle of last century an article appeared in its columns postulating that the ball was held in the Maison du Roi, and that this suggestion has never been refuted. Furthermore, for many years after the battle, the Hôtel de Ville was always shown to visitors as the building in question. Finally, Thomas Hardy, the illustrious author of "The Dynasts," assures his readers, in a footnote to that epic drama, that a dispassionate judgment must deny that the site of the room has yet been proven, and that it is "phantasmal in its elusive mystery." It is the design of this article to examine the evidence of all sides, and, if possible, draw some conclusion.

The Waterloo Ball was given by Charlotte Duchess of Richmond in Brussels, on June 15, 1815; that is to say, on the eve of the battles of Quatre Bras and Ligny. The house in which the Duke and Duchess lived was a gentleman's villa, with a large garden, situated in the angle formed by the Rue des Cendres and the Rue de la Blanchisserie. Letters were addressed to the latter street, the entrance being from that side. The Duke of Richmond held no official position in Brussels, and was residing there in a purely private capacity. According to a list, in the Duchess's own handwriting, and now in possession of the present Duke of Richmond, invitations were issued to some two hundred and twenty persons, but, as the house did not contain a room large enough to accommodate that number of guests, the ball had to be held elsewhere. The supper part of the entertainment took place in the ball-room building, and not in the private house. These are accepted facts, and so far, therefore, we are on firm ground.

With regard to the actual building in which the ball was given, as the evidence of eye-witnesses is, of course, the most valuable, let us first take that of Lord William Lennox, Lady Georgiana Lennox (afterwards Lady de Ros), and Lady Louisa Lennox (afterwards Lady Louisa Tighe), children of the fourth Duke of Richmond, who were living with their parents in Brussels in 1815, and were actually present at the ball. All three witnesses state definitely that the ball did not take place in their father's house, but in a coach-builder's depot adjacent to it. To quote the words of Lady de Ros: "In 1814 we went to live in Brussels, in a house in the Rue de la Blanchisserie, with a large garden extending to the ramparts. The Duke of Wellington always called it the Wash-house." And, again: "My mother's now famous ball took place in a large room on the ground floor on the left of the entrance, connected with the rest of the house by an ante-room. It had been used by the coach-builder from whom the house was hired to put carriages in, but had been papered before we came there; and I recollect the paper—a trellis pattern with roses. My sisters used the room as a school-room, and we used to play battledore and shuttlecock there on a wet day."

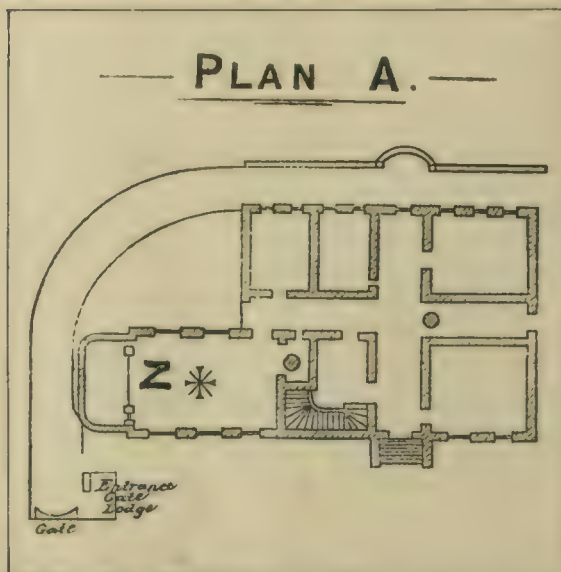
Since the year 1815, the houses in this neighbourhood have been re-numbered, and the postal address of the Duchess of Richmond's house has been changed from the Rue de la Blanchisserie to that of the Rue des Cendres. Plans of the house as it existed at the time of the battle are easily obtainable. At the end of a paved and palisaded passage, which formerly led from the Duchess's yard, there stands to this day a coach-house with a long, narrow room, possessing a smooth dancing floor, exactly as described by Lady de Ros. This room was entered from the garden by some stone steps, but on the side of the Rue de la Blanchisserie the ground sloped down to the basement level. This accounts for the circumstance that in letters written at the time the room is variously described as being on the ground floor and in an upper storey. This coach-house was there in 1815, and was the only one anywhere adjacent to the Duchess's villa. Lady de Ros said that when she visited Brussels in 1868 she could find no vestige either of the house or the street in which her mother lived. But in the course of more than half a century landscapes change and memories fade, and the search may not have been too diligent. At all events, both are still in existence. The villa has been incorporated in an infirmary, and a high brick wall has been built between it and the coach-house: but there is no shadow of doubt about the identity of either. The infirmary belongs to a sisterhood, and one of the sisters, who died about thirty years ago, and had known the house since 1826, remembered quite well when the alterations were carried out. There is no

building but Simon's coach-house which agrees with the description placed on record by eye-witnesses, and it would be inconsistent with their corroborated statements that the ball should have taken place in any other building.

The theory that the ball took place in the room marked Z on Plan A, is clearly inadmissible, because Lord William Lennox has stated positively that *the ball did not take place* at his father's residence. This statement was corroborated by Lady de Ros, whose memory in her later years was not quite so reliable. Moreover, the present Duke of Richmond says that the supper part of the entertainment took place in the ball-room building, and not in the private house. Obviously, therefore, the ball could not have taken place in the private house either.

The room marked Z was quite a small one, used by the Duchess of Richmond's children as a school-room. On occasion they would clear away the furniture and dance there. The Duke of Wellington, as he was leaving the house of an evening, would poke his head in and say "Good night, girls." Sometimes the young people called it the "ball-room" for fun, a fact which has given rise to a great deal of misunderstanding and confusion.

Lady de Ros herself drew particular attention to Byron's designation of the ball-room as a "high hall," declaring emphatically that it was "all nonsense." Her brother goes even further, and refers to the building as a kind of an old barn. The point, however, scarcely needs elucidation. It was of no importance to Lord Byron's theme where the ball was held, and apparently he did not even stop to inquire. Poetic genius does not concern itself with details, but with broad effects. Whether the ball took place in this room or in that was beside his purpose, and certainly a high hall fits into the picture better than a coachbuilder's depot. The great poet's "thousand hearts" beating happily, and



SHOWING THE ROOM (Z) WRONGLY BELIEVED BY SOME TO HAVE BEEN THE SCENE OF THE WATERLOO BALL IN 1815: A GROUND PLAN OF THE HOUSE IN BRUSSELS, THEN OCCUPIED BY THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF RICHMOND, WHO GAVE IT.

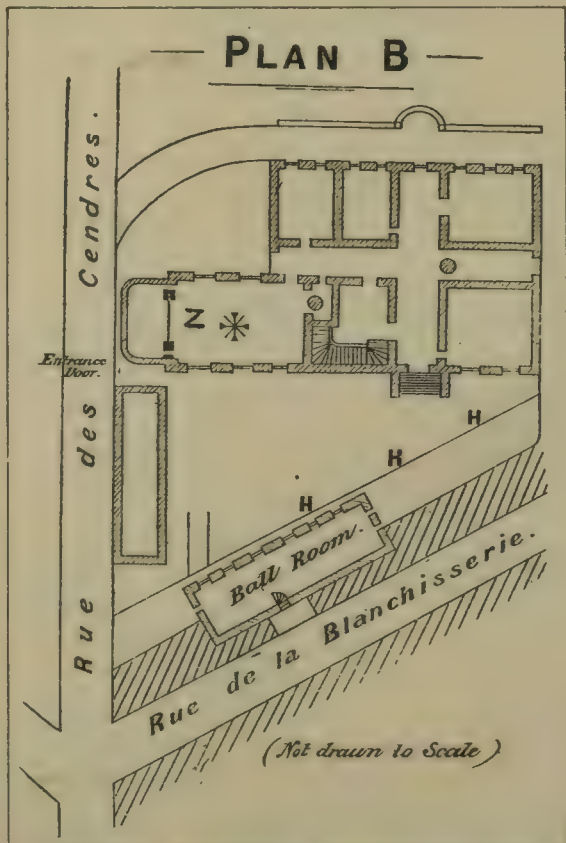
ball, wrote his famous verses upon it; but it was not until these had become widely known that the event was separated from its setting, and that this episode in the overthrow of the great Napoleon fired the imagination of the people. Then, and only then, was an attempt made to identify the actual scene of the ball, many descriptions of which, as so frequently happens, deviated from the strict line of accuracy. The object of this paper is to determine exactly the *locale* of the most famous ball in history, to remove the jewel, as it were, from its setting of poetic imagery, and to place it in the stern reality of established fact.

Lord Byron visited Brussels in 1816. Like many thousands of less celebrated people since his day, he was shown the *grande salle* in the Hôtel de Ville, as the room in which the ball had taken place; and in the third canto of "Childe Harold" he sings—

Within a window'd niche of that high hall  
Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain.

It is to these lines—especially to the words "high hall"—we owe the controversy which has arisen respecting the scene—*l'endroit même*—of that great carnival. Where and what was the poet's high hall? Is the description suggested by poetic licence, or does it rest on solid, substantiated fact?

These observations have their origin in the following circumstance. Some years ago, Sir William Fraser published a brochure maintaining that the Duchess of Richmond's ball took place in a large room in a coach-builder's depot, tenanted in 1815 by Simon, who built the famous coach (recently destroyed by fire in London) used by Napoleon during the Waterloo campaign, and also a facsimile of it for Lord Byron. This view was generally accepted, but subsequent references to the subject in the Press show that there are still people of other ways of thinking. Would the Duchess of Richmond have entertained her guests in a coach-house? they ask indignantly; and, if so, then why does Lord Byron describe the room as a "high hall"? Again: on the one hand, Sir William Fraser declares that the Duchess of Richmond's house is still standing; on the other, Lady de Ros says that when she visited Brussels



INCLUDING THE STILL EXISTENT COACH-BUILDING DEPOT (MARKED "BALL ROOM") DESCRIBED BY EYE-WITNESSES AS THE SCENE OF THE WATERLOO BALL: A PLAN OF THE HOUSE AFTER IT WAS CONVERTED INTO AN INFIRMARY AND DIVIDED BY A WALL (H, H, H) FROM THE ADJACENT BUILDINGS.

the "cannon's opening roar" at midnight, are further examples of poetic license. But these are trifles; they are things apart from the magic beauty of the poem. Nevertheless, it was this fortuitous phrase that originated the controversy, and naturally the guides at the Hôtel de Ville take scrupulous care to keep it alive.

Another important witness, and one that, oddly enough, has never yet been called, is military tradition. Perhaps it is not everyone who realises the pride and care with which events connected with a regiment are preserved, and the continuity and accuracy with which

[Continued on Page 1006.]



# THE EMPIRE REMEMBERS ITS DEAD: A HISTORIC ARMISTICE DAY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CENTRAL PRESS AND TOPICAL.



THE GREAT REPRESENTATIVE EMPIRE GATHERING AROUND THE CENOTAPH ON ARMISTICE DAY: THE DEEPEST "SILENCE" AND THE STILLEST MULTITUDE—A GENERAL VIEW, SHOWING THE KING, THE CABINET WITH THE DOMINION PREMIERS, AND THE QUEEN (AT A HOME OFFICE WINDOW).



THE "GREAT SILENCE" IN THE HEART OF THE CITY: A WONDERFUL PHOTOGRAPH OF THE VAST AND MOTIONLESS CROWD BETWEEN THE MANSION HOUSE (EXTREME LEFT) AND THE BANK OF ENGLAND (EXTREME RIGHT) FACING TOWARDS THE CITY WAR MEMORIAL OUTSIDE THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.

It is not too late, we feel, to illustrate the events of Armistice Day, for the spirit of which its observances are the culminating expression, and of which the Cenotaph is the permanent symbol, is ever present in the minds of the people. Illustrations of the ceremony could not be included in our last number, as it fell on that day of the week when our paper is issued to the trade. The remarkable photographs we now reproduce, however, will form a historic record of a unique occasion. Several things combined to render the London celebration of the eighth anniversary of the Armistice more than usually memorable. The fact that five Dominion Premiers were present at the Cenotaph made the

gathering truly representative of the Empire. The great Silence also was exceptionally impressive; for the cessation of all sound and movement had never before been so complete. The concourse of people, both in Whitehall and in the City, was enormous, and the wearing of the poppy was practically universal. In our upper photograph the King is seen just beyond and to the right of the Cenotaph, and behind him, (l. to r.) Prince Arthur of Connaught, the Prince of Wales, and the Duke of York. To left of the monument are the Cabinet and Dominion Premiers. The Queen and the Queen of Spain are at a window of the Home Office—the right-hand one of the three just above the entrance.



# THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

SOME of the guests from the Dominions who attended the afternoon party at Buckingham Palace last week were under the impression that the King and Queen had invited only a few other guests to meet the Imperial Conference delegates and their wives. It was a delightful surprise to find that the gathering was so large and, in spite of the informal atmosphere, so brilliant. The list of five hundred guests seemed to include nearly all the distinguished people now in London who have had official connections with the nations of the Empire, or had made friends during their travels in the countries overseas—as, for instance, ex-Viceroy, Governors-General, and Governors.

It was a rather dazzling list. Each of the guests was presented to the King and Queen, who afterwards moved among them talking in an informal manner with as many as possible. The Duke and Duchess of York, who were there, made acquaintance with many of the visitors whom they received at the evening party they gave at St. James's Palace last Wednesday.

There is no official confirmation of the pleasing rumour that the Crown Prince of Belgium

ENGAGED TO MR. JOHN H. BEVAN: LADY BARBARA BINGHAM, ELDER DAUGHTER OF THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF LUCAN.

Photograph by Yevonde.

and his bride may spend part of their honeymoon in England; but even if they come, nothing official may be heard of them, for it may be taken for granted that it will be a private visit. Princess Astrid has not spent more than a few days in London, so the Prince would have a great deal to show her.

Lady Petrie, the wife of the famous Egyptologist, Sir William Flinders Petrie, is very busy just now preparing for his new expedition. In a few days he is leaving for the East, not this time for Egypt, because he will no longer work there under the changed conditions, but for the south of Palestine, where he hopes to trace the earliest connections between that country and Egypt. Lady Petrie, of course, accompanies him, and will not be seen in London again till they come back with the first results of the expedition, when presumably she will take up her other annual task of preparing them for exhibition to people keenly interested in archaeology. In the summer Lady Petrie is to be seen about a good deal in London, always a very interesting figure, active and slender. She has very observant eyes, but one wonders sometimes whether she finds a social gathering in London anything like as attractive as the solitudes of the desert, with the constant expectation that her hard work may result in proving the existence of some wonderful treasure. The affairs of the ancient dynasties have, however, never claimed all her attention. She has always taken an interest in the progressive women's movement, and during the war, when she found it impossible to carry out her great desire to go as administrator with one of the Scottish Women's Hospital units to Serbia—where her experience as organiser would have been invaluable—she did perhaps

even more useful work as honorary secretary for the S.W.H. at home.

During all her married life Lady Petrie has been her husband's skilled draughtsman, and for nearly thirty years she has accompanied him on his expeditions, helping with the supervision of the native workmen, mothering the students, and always quite content for the sake of the work to live at the diggings. She must be on the spot to copy the uncovered inscriptions instantly before they are touched, and sometimes she has had to descend by rope ladders into pits as deep as a London tube shaft to draw the inscriptions discovered at the very bottom.

The suggestion Walburga Lady Paget has just made that women sculptors and artists should be employed to supervise the improvement of the features and limbs of tiny babies is very interesting, though before recommending any sculptor or artist nowadays, one would need to discover her idea of beauty. The fate of an infant that was meant to develop into a Greuze but was manipulated into cubism would be too horrible to contemplate. One could, of course, trust Lady Paget to make a selection, for she has a love of beauty, and the added advantage of having during her long and varied life seen most of the famous beauties of Europe. It will not be forgotten that it was she who, when her husband, Sir Augustus Paget, was British Minister at Copenhagen, discovered the rare beauty of the young Princess Alexandra. Lady Paget had previously been the favourite Maid-of-Honour of the German Crown Princess, who had confided to her that Queen Victoria had been seeking

address to a party of young girls on the need of finding amusements and recreations that they really liked, to counteract the inevitable routine and monotony of their daily work. She very wisely stressed the fact that even the people who had the most interesting and congenial work found that a great part of it was

dull and monotonous, and seemed hardly worth while. Miss Fry does not take up her post at Somerville till January. The new students are spending their first term with Miss Penrose, the brilliant woman who, like Miss Fry, was a student at Somerville, and who was Principal of Holloway College and Bedford College before she, many years ago, became Principal of Somerville, where she has done a great work.



A STUDENT OF SOCIOLOGY AT BEDFORD COLLEGE: LADY KATHERINE PHIPPS, DAUGHTER OF THE MARQUESS AND MARCHIONESS OF NORMANBY.

Photograph by Lafayette.

Princess Mary, when she stayed for a night some months ago at Mulgrave Castle, the Yorkshire home of the Marquess of Normanby, promised to return later

for a longer visit, and she is going there next week. The modern castle, successor to the near-by ancient Saxon castle now in ruins, stands high on the coast near Whitby, among beautiful park and wood lands. The Princess was especially charmed with its gardens. Lord Normanby, who is eighty years of age, is the only English Peer now living who is in Holy Orders. For twelve years he was vicar of a Lancashire parish, and in 1890, when he succeeded the second Marquess—who had been Governor of several colonies—he was appointed by Queen Victoria Canon of St. George's Chapel, Windsor. It was while he was at Windsor that he married Miss Gertrude Foster, of Moor Park, in Shropshire. Lady Normanby is a Lady of Grace of St. John of Jerusalem. The Marquess has always taken a great interest in education, and he was very successful with the preparatory school for Eton and Harrow that he used to have at the Castle. The elder daughter, Lady Katherine Phipps, probably shares that interest, for, after her first year or two of social entertainments, she decided to become a student of sociology at Bedford College. Her sister, Lady Elizabeth, one of this year's débutantes, took much more pleasure in the gaieties of the London season.



THE WEDDING OF LADY IRENE PRATT, DAUGHTER OF THE MARQUESS AND MARCHIONESS CAMDEN, TO THE HON. ARCHIBALD CUBITT, SON OF LORD AND LADY ASHCORBE: THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM LEAVING THE CHURCH.

Photograph by Photo. Illustrations Co.

in vain for an ideal Princess for the Prince of Wales. At the request of the Crown Princess, Lady Paget on her next visit to England seized an opportunity of telling the Prince Consort about the Danish Princess, who was at that time only sixteen years of age, and it was the influence of the Prince Consort that brought about the happy marriage.

Forty-five years later, Lady Paget commented in her diary on the difference her suggestion to the Prince Consort had made to the thrones of the world. Her diaries dealing with many people and countries are gay and amusing, and as frank as a kind heart could allow.

Miss Margery Fry, the newly appointed Principal of Somerville College, has come back from her holiday visit to friends in Canada looking very much better than one could have expected after her unfortunate accident in a remote forest. She was thrown from an unexpectedly lively horse, and her back was severely injured. The nearest doctor was a hundred miles away, and she had to be taken to him by motor-car—a very painful journey, full of anxiety, because no one knew whether permanent damage had been done. However, it was found that the pain was due to a very severe wrench, and, after a fortnight in hospital and a convalescence in Victoria, Miss Fry was able to make the long journey home right across Canada. She looked well, and spoke with her accustomed wit and vigour the other day, when she gave a stimulating



THE NEWLY APPOINTED PRINCIPAL OF SOMERVILLE COLLEGE: MISS MARGERY FRY.

Photograph by Lafayette.

she found it impossible to carry out her great desire to go as administrator with one of the Scottish Women's Hospital units to Serbia—where her experience as organiser would have been invaluable—she did perhaps

For several years Lady Astor has been in the habit of holding once or twice during each Session receptions to which she invites all the women most prominent in London's social work and in society, as well as Members of both Houses of Parliament, irrespective of party. The gatherings, which are uncommonly interesting, afford the best opportunity these women of varied circles now have of meeting together and renewing acquaintanceships that lapsed when their paths drifted apart. Those who are specially concerned with reforms for which they are hoping to secure legislation, usually make the most of the chance to discuss them with the politicians. One sees earnest little conversations going on all over the place. Lady Astor did not, however, invite any of the men to her party last Friday, because she thought it would be nice for the women representing so many societies, and all the political parties, to talk among themselves without the more serious element. Lady Astor's friends are delighted with the excellent effect her holiday in America has had. She looks bonnier and better in health than she has done for months.



TO BE VISITED BY PRINCESS MARY NEXT WEEK: THE MARCHIONESS OF NORMANBY.

Photograph by Swaine.



# SOBSTUFF



## AN ABDULLA TURNS THE SCALE

I. HE :

Great Heavens, Clara ! Why this masquerading  
When all my socks need mending ? Cease parading  
An outfit so fantastic and degrading.  
You must be mad, or dead to decent feeling,  
To dream of sporting garments so—revealing  
At Whist Drives or the Tennis Dance at Ealing.

II. SHE :

This is the First Act frock I am wearing  
To-morrow night, dear George, in "Stop your Staring,"  
My other "chorus" rags are twice as daring;  
When any husband shows no sign of earning  
The ermine wrap for which his wife is yearning,  
The female worm is justified in turning.

III. HE :

You on the Stage ! Good gracious, how appalling !  
The Vicar and his wife will cease from calling.  
Is not your Home sufficiently enthralling ?  
You mean to face the world in such creations,  
And scandalize our neighbours and relations,  
And rack my soul with jealous perturbations ?

IV. SHE :

My poor old George, you're daily growing duller !  
With stage undress of every style and colour  
I'll wear an irreproachable Abdulla.  
Just think of the Abdullas I'll be winning,  
And you'll forgive your erring wife for sinning.—

HE :

Thank goodness, it's to-morrow you're beginning !

F. R. Holmes.

# ABDULLA SUPERB CIGARETTES

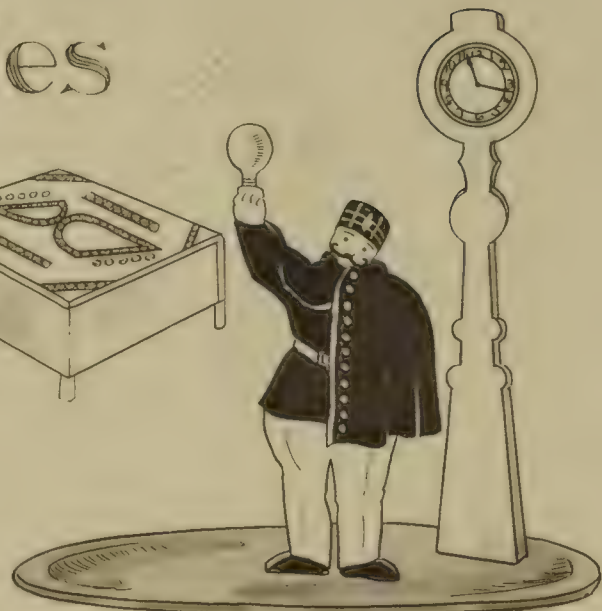
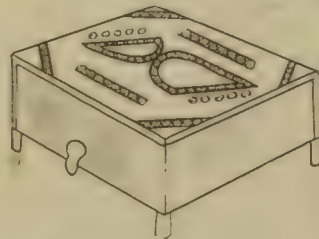
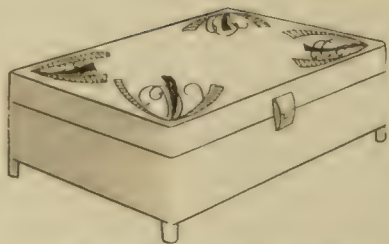
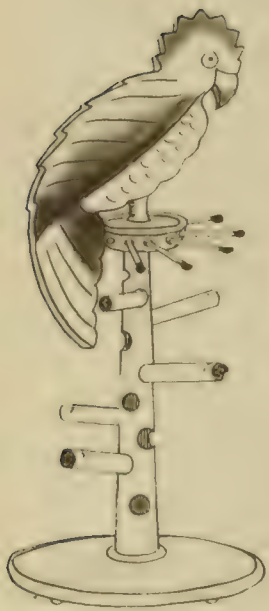
TURKISH

EGYPTIAN

VIRGINIA



# Fashions & Fancies



A group of fascinating novelties, sketched at Swan and Edgar's, Piccadilly. W. The parrot on the left is of galolith, as is also the "agent de ville" opposite with his electric light and "lamp-post" clock. The cigarette box on the left is a musical one, and the other, with the cigarette case in the centre, is made of mock mother-o'-pearl encrusted with brilliants. They are all delightful Christmas gifts.

## Frivolities "In Extremis."

Once the serious matter of the silhouette is settled, the Paris *dame élégante* amuses herself greatly by diverting attention to the extremities. Her finger-nails, for instance, shine like tiny shells of mother-o'-pearl, for the latest polish reproduces this opalescent colouring perfectly. Then her stockings may be of tulle decorated with embroidery, or of silk with insertions of cobwebby lace running from toe to knee, matching the lace of her dress. Others are shaded, not in several tones of the same colour, but in vivid contrasts, such as green, yellow, and rose. These, as may be imagined, are only happily worn by the slimmest, but on the right person, with the right frock, they are very effective. The neck, too—one may be forgiven for calling it an extremity?—is made conspicuous by the quaint collars that encircle it. Coats, for instance, have sometimes

a deep "V" of fur reaching half-way down the back, while the actual collar is quite small, while others have a huge "funnel" of fur which is slipped over the head, completely hiding the ears.



Two useful hats for all weathers from Woodrow's, 46, Piccadilly, W. Above is a felt, and on the right a velour trimmed with petersham ribbon in two colours.

## Foreseeing the Spring.

But it must not be imagined that frivolous problems are engaging everyone's attention. On the contrary, with winter and winter sports clothes "over" from the designer's point of view, it is now the lighter frocks for the Riviera which occupy their attention. These grow more and more "sporting" in atmosphere. Even the lightest crêpe-de-Chine frocks have plain, perfectly straight cardigans of Shetland wool in a contrasting colour faced to match the dress, and many jumper suits are of stockinette and crêpe-de-Chine, with jumpers of one and skirts of the other, used almost indiscriminately. Scarves will again flutter everywhere with these delightful costumes for the South. But they must be either attached to the dress or, at any rate, an integral part of its design. A jumper suit, for instance, knitted with a striped border is accompanied with a crêpe-de-Chine scarf painted with exactly the same stripes; or sometimes the cardigans are made with scarves attached of crêpe-de-Chine of which the facings of the pockets and revers are made. With this sportsmanlike atmosphere, it is only natural that skirts shall be shorn of flutes and decorations, and as unobtrusively pleated as they can be. One smart variation, however, is the skirt kilted half way, and then made with circular rows of small flat tucks to the knee.

and Edgar's, Piccadilly Circus, W., where were sketched the delightful group at the top of this page. At the extreme left is an ingenious parrot cigarette and match holder in gaily coloured galolith, price 15s. 6d., and next is a musical cigarette-box which actually plays a tune when the lid opens. Also carried out in galolith, the price is 35s. The other cigarette-box and cigarette-case are of "Nacra lacque," which looks like mother-of-pearl, encrusted with diamanté and brilliants. They cost 17s. 6d. and 25s. 6d. respectively. Last, but by no means least, is the important little *agent de ville* supporting a light and lamp-post clock. He costs £2 2s. complete, and is also made of galolith. Then there is a novel affair comprising an ostrich made by two pipes with matches stuck in the back forming the tail, the head being made by a pipe-cleaner. This is available for 10s. 6d.; and pretty dollmascots to hang in the rear windows of cars can be secured for 1s. 6d.

## Amusing Novelties of the Season.

Appropriately enough, it is the department devoted to original novelties which greets

you at the entrance of the new building at Swan and Edgar's, Piccadilly Circus, W., where were sketched the delightful group at the top of this page. At the extreme left is an ingenious parrot cigarette and match holder in gaily coloured galolith, price 15s. 6d., and next is a musical cigarette-box which actually plays a tune when the lid opens. Also carried out in galolith, the price is 35s. The other cigarette-box and cigarette-case are of "Nacra lacque," which looks like mother-of-pearl, encrusted with diamanté and brilliants. They cost 17s. 6d. and 25s. 6d. respectively. Last, but by no means least, is the important little *agent de ville* supporting a light and lamp-post clock. He costs £2 2s. complete, and is also made of galolith. Then there is a novel affair comprising an ostrich made by two pipes with matches stuck in the back forming the tail, the head being made by a pipe-cleaner. This is available for 10s. 6d.; and pretty dollmascots to hang in the rear windows of cars can be secured for 1s. 6d.

## Felts for Town and Country.

Felts and velours are rivals for the winter modes, and models illustrating either mode. They were sketched at Woodrow's, 46, Piccadilly, W. The felt on the left costs 35s., and 45s. is the price of the velour trimmed with petersham ribbon in two colours. This firm's sports hats of unspottable lightweight felt fur are well known to all country enthusiasts, and it must be noted that all sizes and head fittings are available, so that the non-shingled need not fear disappointment. Another speciality are riding hats for this country and abroad, and hard and soft felt "bowlers" can be secured for 25s.

## A Salon for Débutantes' Frocks.

A special salon has been opened at Gorrings', Buckingham Palace Road, S.W., for small-size frocks for débutantes at 4, 5, and 6 guineas. From there come the two pretty dance dresses sketched on this page, each costing 6 guineas. The one on the left is expressed in mauve and silver tinsel lace, the skirt beautifully embroidered with flowers; and the other is of pink georgette designed with graceful draperies. Another of georgette, also at 6 guineas, is trimmed with silk fringe dyed to exquisite shades, the frock introducing the fashionable pouched back. Then there are taffeta picture frocks in the prettiest colourings imaginable. Simple repp coat-frocks can be secured from 42s.,



Simple and charming is this pink georgette frock from the débutantes' salon at Gorrings, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W.



A pretty dance frock of mauve and silver tinsel lace from Gorrings, with flowers embroidered on the skirt and a wide silk sash.

Ella Fulton.



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**MR. FORD'S PARADOX.**

(Continued from Page 980.)

consumption, he implies that work will be intensified; for he only desires increased consumption as a means for increasing production. Indeed, all the advocates of the reduction of working hours specially recommend it as a means of increasing production. To work for a shorter time, but with more powerful machines and greater intensity, that is the programme of Mr. Ford and his pupils. The same applies to consumption. Modern consumption increasingly tends to become intense; that is to say, manifold and rapid. Each individual wishes to enjoy everything in life, but, as the time which he can give to the satisfaction of his ever-increasing needs and desires is limited, he accustoms himself to enjoy everything as rapidly as possible. That is why so many industrial undertakings find their customers become more numerous every year, although the population of the globe increases comparatively slowly.

But if this intensification of work and consumption lengthens our time, it can only do so up to a certain point. Here, also, there are impassable limits, which it is interesting to observe, especially in regard to consumption. It is a psychological fact of daily experience that the more hasty the enjoyment of a good thing, the less pleasure is derived from it; that when one tries to enjoy many things in a limited time, one can only sip them; and that if one wishes to enjoy a pleasure thoroughly, one must isolate it as much as possible from other heterogeneous enjoyments, and devote to it the necessary time.

The multiplication of enjoyments, amusements, and wants, and the increasingly hurried satisfaction of them, which characterises our time, takes away part of their flavour from all the pleasures of existence, and mingles them in a grey superficiality. Modern man has become increasingly incapable of choosing among the joys of life, and therefore allows himself to be carried away by a whole encyclopædia of wants, which causes him to taste all the pleasures without enjoying any of them to the full.

Though his life may be continually agitated, active, and tense, profound satisfactions become more and more rare for the great majority of men. Pleasure is everywhere, but it is superficial and stale. It seems to me probable that Mr. Ford is right from the economic point of view. His reform, if it became general, might increase the prosperity of American

gives only one deep joy: that of initiative, audaciousness, intense work, and triumph to those who succeed in creating and directing the new forms of activity in industry, commerce, art, literature, and science of which our epoch has need. For the happy mortals for whom Fortune has reserved these brilliant rôles, the modern world is a paradise. But they are in a very small minority. For the others, the vast majority, our epoch provides, in exchange for work that is simple and easy, but at the same time precise, methodical, and nearly always dull, many more enjoyments than all the other epochs; but they are shallow and without much flavour. It is perhaps for this reason that so many people seek to spice their lives, when they can, with the emotions of gambling. To sum up, our epoch lavishes pleasure upon everyone, but gives happiness to very few.

This may explain why the modern world seems to become more discontented in proportion as it realises all its ambitions for increasing its power and wealth. There is an extraordinary contradiction in this. For a century past an old, complicated civilisation has been simplifying itself, sacrificing its most ancient traditions, and freeing itself from all the metaphysics which had moulded it hierarchically into forms of the most rigid authoritarianism, in order that it might make itself useful, comprehensible, and sympathetic to the masses. It has given them ease, health, juridical security, relative luxury, political power, liberty, culture. . . . But, in proportion as it has multiplied its gifts to the masses, it has been the more harshly accused of subjecting them to insupportable slavery, by prophets who do not hesitate to preach the need of a liberating revolution. . . .

I know one must not take these political doctrines and the movements which they have engendered too tragically. Socialism, which announced in 1848 that it would make a radical revolution in contemporary society, has after three-quarters of a century achieved a very different work: assisted by the war, it has destroyed the Empire of Russia and the power of Tsarism. It made a revolution, but

(Continued overleaf.)



"SOON" POTTERY: EXAMPLES OF THE WORK OF REGINALD FAIRFAX WELLS, AT THE BEAUX ARTS GALLERY.

Mr. Reginald Fairfax Wells, who has just opened, at the Beaux Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, the most representative exhibition he has held, shows both vases and statuettes. He specialises in studying the relation of the vase to the flower. Not only is his work exceedingly decorative, but it is calculated to please the collector of fine pieces, as well as those who merely desire beautiful things.

industry. But it is doubtful if it would make the Americans much happier.

The more I observe modern life, the more evident it becomes to me that the evil from which we are suffering is a strange kind of boredom, which results from the superficiality and multiplicity of enjoyments. Modern life

## MONTE CARLO.

**M. RENÉ BLUM**, whose whole life has been spent amongst the prominent members of the Paris theatrical world, possesses one of the most artistic temperaments imaginable; this fact, as a matter of course, marked him out as the only possible man to fill the most difficult part of Artistic Director of the Monte Carlo Comedy Season, and the authorities in charge have need to be proud of their never-failing ability to select the right man for the post, for none other than he could possibly have arranged such an attractive and interesting programme as the one which will be offered this Season.

The theatrical season opened on the night of Saturday, November 13 with a great novelty—a Musical Play in three acts, by Messrs. Paul GAVAUT and Georges BEER, entitled "QUI ÊTES-VOUS?" ("Who Are You?") Lyrics by M. Raymond GENTY, music by M. Charles CUVILLIER.—

This will be followed by another new production: "CHOUCOUNE," a musical play in three acts, by M. Paul REBOUX, music by M. Fernand OCHSE. Also "THE MARQUIS OF CARABAS," a new musical farce in three acts and a prologue, by M. Romain COOLUS, music by M. Gabriel GROVIEZ; "THE MERCHANT OF SPEC-TACLES," a new musical-comedy in three acts, prose and verses by M. Georges DELA-QUYS, music by M. Marcel DELANNOY; "THE GREAT CATHERINE," a four-act comedy by M. Bernard SHAW, adapted to French by M. Augustin and Mlle. Hamon; "THE MONT-PARNOS," a new play in three acts and four scenes, by M. Michel-Georges MICHEL; "JAZZ," a new play in five acts, by M. Marcel PAGNOL; "THE FELINES," a new comedy in three acts, by Mme. KAREN BROMSON.

Performances as under have been specially arranged for the following artists. By the National ODÉON Theatre. "THE SWAN," a new comedy in three acts, by M. François MOLNAR, French version by Messrs. Pierre LA MASIÈRE and André ADOYAN. By M. André BRULE and Mme. Madeleine LELY: "AMANTS" ("Lovers") the all-famous comedy in four acts, by M. Maurice DONNAY. By Mlle. FALCONETTI: "LORENZACCIO," drama in five acts, by Alfred de MUSSET; "L'ARLESIENNE," play in five scenes, by Alphonse DAUDET. Chorus and stage music by Georges BIZET.

By M. SIGNORET: "LE MÉDECIN MALGRÉ LUI" ("Doctor Against His Own Will") comedy in five acts, by MOLIÈRE. With the co-operation of M. Serge de DIAGHILEFF'S Russian Ballet.

Also: Selections from the COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE Theatre's Official Repertory; Selections from the LONDON APOLLO THEATRE'S Repertory; Performances by Louis JOUVET'S Company from the Champs Elysées Theatre.

ALEXANDRE AND CLOTILDE SAKHAROFF New Dances rhythmised on selections from BACH, SCHUMANN, CHOPIN, PIZETTI, ROLAN, MANUEL, etc.

And last, but not least,

"LE JOUEUR D'ECHEC" ("The Chess Player") a wonderful new Film-Picture, screened by M. Raymond BERNARD, from M. DUPUY-MAZUEL'S famous novel, with a new musical adaptation by M. Henri RABAUD, who will lead the Orchestra personally. "All rights reserved on the Riviera by the Direction of the Monte Carlo Theatre for these performances."



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## “A feather in his cap”

ACCORDING to an old custom among American Indians, a feather was awarded to a man who killed an enemy. The presentation of an eagle's feather to an Indian warrior was a great military honour, surrounded by much ceremony.

In ancient Hungary, a feather in a man's cap signified that the wearer had slain a Turk, this being the only lawful way of showing the number of slain enemies.

From this ancient custom of using a feather as a mark of distinction is derived the familiar saying now applied, of course, to some act deserving a special reward.

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The most popular saying to-day is  
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*Continued.*

in that part of Europe where industrial civilisation was in its earliest and most feeble stage of development, and where it had not yet succeeded in giving ease, liberty, culture, or juridical security to the masses. In those

The masses, who are credited with a desire to destroy modern society, are just those who gain most from it. With the exception of the frequent wars that have desolated Europe, in all other respects no civilisation has approached as closely as ours to the simple and rather childish spirit of the masses. To-day the superior classes, and especially the intellectual classes, have much more reason to be dissatisfied with some at least of the tendencies of our time, and to dream of a complete renovation even at the price of revolution. But those classes are powerless as critical or revolutionary forces.

The spirit of revolution which seems to agitate the masses throughout almost the whole of Western civilisation is, therefore, more apparent than real. Without the World War it would have given the Governments no serious anxieties. It is not, however, without significance that pessimistic doctrines with regard to modern civilisation find so much favour among those social classes to whom it has assured the greatest advantages.

This ingratitude cannot be attributed exclusively to the ignorance and in consequence of the masses, who would in this also show their resemblance to children. If ingratitude resists so obstinately the multiplication of benefits, we must conclude that, despite its generosity and its magnificence, there still exist weaknesses and failings in modern civilisation which cause us all, in a greater or less degree, to be anxious about its future. Vague apprehensions about those rather mysterious and obscure weaknesses and failings exist, indeed, in all minds. For a century past, literature, philosophy, religion, science, politics, and even industry have tried to discover them, in order to find remedies.

Neither the deep-seated cause of the evil nor its remedy has yet been

discovered, and the search for them will continue. Will they be found one day? That is a mystery. What is quite certain is that neither the cause of the evil nor its remedy will be found by a maker of automobiles, no matter how rich, intelligent, and audacious he may be.

A King of Wheels may indicate to us, as Mr. Ford has done, the most ingenious means for increasing production and consumption; but the evil which tortures our time is only apparently an economic one. If increased production could cure it, it would have been cured long ago. The increase of production seems, on the contrary, to aggravate it, for men quickly grow accustomed to the possession of greater riches, and as soon as they are accustomed to it they feel as poor as they were before.

The work over which Mr. Ford presides with so much cleverness and genius is a little like the labour of Sisyphus in the modern world; he increases wealth, only to be continually tormented by a desire for greater riches—that is to say, he continues, despite everything, to feel increasingly poor.



WINTER SPORT IN AUSTRALIA: A SKI-ING PARTY ON MOUNT KOSCIUSKO (7308 FT.), NEW SOUTH WALES.

countries, on the other hand, where the great development of industry is older, richer, and more powerful, Socialism has moderated its theories and practice, and has transformed itself more and more into a Labour Party, which defends concrete interests and reasonable aspirations. Amongst these aspirations is Peace, which to-day is the gift of which the masses have most need.

The example of Russia demonstrates that the danger of revolution is much greater where the great industrial development is only beginning, and where representative institutions do not exist, rather than in the old industrial democracies of the West. If a solid peace is established in Europe, if its former prosperity returns—two things which are quite within the range of possibility—the Germanic world, France, and the Anglo-Saxon countries would seem to be out of danger of violent and profound upheavals in the near future. There will, of course, be crises, and the cry that the situation is insupportable and a radical change is inevitable will be continually raised; but life will go on as before, and the development of the industrial system to its utmost possibilities, with its qualities and defects, will continue.



SKIS AS "TOBOGGANS": WINTER SPORT ENTHUSIASTS ON MOUNT KOSCIUSKO.

The great natural feature of New South Wales, the oldest State of the Commonwealth of Australia, is the Cordillera Range, which crosses the country from north to south. The height of the range averages 2500 ft.; but Mount Kosciuszko reaches to 7308 ft. Mount Townsend, in the same range, is 7260 ft.

Photographs by L.N.A.

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taste and smell; so lighting up at the wrong end doesn't mean throwing away a first-rate cigarette like these. But next time see that you put the tip end in your mouth, and let your soft lips caress its gleaming ivory-like surface. Then you'll know the uttermost perfection of smoking comfort."

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## THE WATERLOO BALL.

(Continued from Page 996.)

they are handed down from senior to junior. Regimental lore thus becomes a valuable store of information. Before the great European War, if anyone had gone at random into the officers' mess of any regiment that took part in the events of the Hundred Days, and had made inquiries about the Waterloo Ball, he would have been promptly told that it took place in a coach-house. Indeed, it is the strangeness of the circumstance that this famous ball, with all its brilliant and distinguished assemblage, should have been held in such a place that has emblazoned the fact upon our memories, lent to the ball a double enchantment, and given it the place of honour in the world of romance.

A further point which Sir William Fraser makes can best be stated in his own words: "That the Duke and Duchess of Richmond should have given a private ball to their friends in a public building, such as the town-hall, is in itself most improbable; Lady de Ros's clear and distinct evidence contradicts the possibility of such a thing."

The evidence in favour of Simon's coach-house is thus very strong; but what evidence is there in favour of the Hôtel de Ville, or the Maison du Roi? Surely those who gave the ball and those who were present at it knew where it took place; and is it reasonable to suppose that over two hundred guests could have danced the night away in a coachbuilder's depot under the impression that they were in some grand public building? Thomas Hardy says that Sir William Fraser is not convincing, but does not challenge any of Sir William's statements. To sum up, therefore, it seems clear that the site of the ball-room has been located beyond question, and that it is no more phantasmal than that of the Tower of London.

Setting aside the question of *locale* already dealt with, various incidents connected with the ball are of more than passing interest. As we have already

stated, invitations were issued to two hundred and twenty persons. Since these figures include those whose duties prevented them from attending, but, of course, exclude the house party, they probably represent closely the numbers actually present. There were only sixty ladies at the ball, so there could never have been more than that number of couples dancing at a time.

While the dance was in progress, a travel-stained

I left the room with the Earl of March (A.D.C. to H.R.H. the Prince of Orange) and went to his house, which stood in our garden, to help him pack. When I returned I found some energetic and heartless young ladies still dancing."

Altogether no fewer than fifty of those who attended the dance were killed or wounded at Quatre Bras or Waterloo. Sir Thomas Picton, probably the most celebrated General of Division in military history, met his death on the 18th, whilst the Duke of Brunswick, Lord Hay, and Colonel Cameron were killed within a few hours of leaving the ball-room. Some of the officers actually fought at Quatre Bras in evening costume. They had not heard that the hour of parade had been changed from 4 a.m. to 2 a.m., and when they got back to their rooms they found that their servants had packed their kit. The next evening some lay dead, and others wounded, in the silk stockings and buckled shoes they had worn in the ball-room overnight. The relative of Lord Byron who is touchingly referred to in "Childe Harold" as "young, gallant Howard," was Major Hon. F. Howard, of the 10th Hussars.

A week before the Waterloo Ball, the Duke of Wellington—who was in supreme command of the British, Hanoverian, and Netherland forces, and who had been in Brussels since April—gave a "grand rout" at which the Prince of Orange, the Duke and Duchess of Richmond, and almost every other great personage in the capital attended. We are told that dancing was kept up till a late hour, and that the Prince of Orange "led the Duchess of Richmond to the supper-rooms." Then, on the very night hostilities began, we find the Commander-in-Chief, with all his corps, divisional and brigade commanders, attending another ball. Such were the grand manners of the Georgian days. Could anyone, in the wildest flight of fancy, imagine a similar thing happening in 1915?

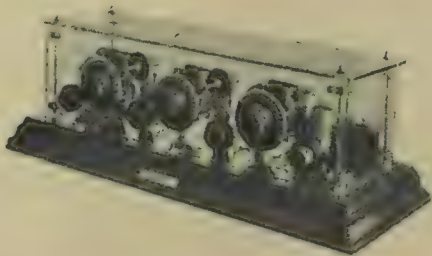


A NEW PLEASURE GROUND FOR THE PUBLIC: IN NORWOOD GROVE, WHICH THE PRINCE OF WALES ARRANGED TO OPEN ON NOVEMBER 16.

Norwood Grove adds thirty-two acres to the south-easterly side of Streatham Common. The common became public property in 1884.—[Photograph by Photopress.]

officer entered the ball-room with definite news regarding Napoleon's line of advance, and confirming a report which the Duke of Wellington had received that afternoon. To quote Lady de Ros once again: "The Duke arrived rather late. I went up to him and asked about the rumours. He said, 'Yes, they are true.' The news spread through the ball-room.

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"A huge calabash full of sack was offered to the lips of the suppliant . . . . .

"'Crack me this nut . . . . . without wry faces.'

"But, however Oliver might have relished a moderate sip . . . . . he was terrified at the quantity he was required to deal with . . . . . He . . . . . entreated for mercy.

"'So please your princedom . . . . . if I were to swallow your Grace's bounty . . . . . I should not be able to stride over the next kennel.'

"'Art thou in case to . . . . . cut me a caper—ha! one—two—three—admirable! again—give him the spur'—(here a satellite . . . . . gave Oliver a slight touch with his sword) . . . . . —'he sprang like a cat in a gutter!'

THE FAIR MAID OF PERTH, BY SIR WALTER SCOTT

And so was the vainglorious Oliver turned loose, only to boast once again of his exploits. Yet, below it all, Oliver carried a good heart, warm, mellow, and comforting as friendly Black & White. His, as Black & White's, was but a desire to please his fellows. Oliver Proudfoot was pure Scotch. So is Black & White.

# BLACK & WHITE

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James Buchanan & Co. Ltd Scotch Whisky Distillers

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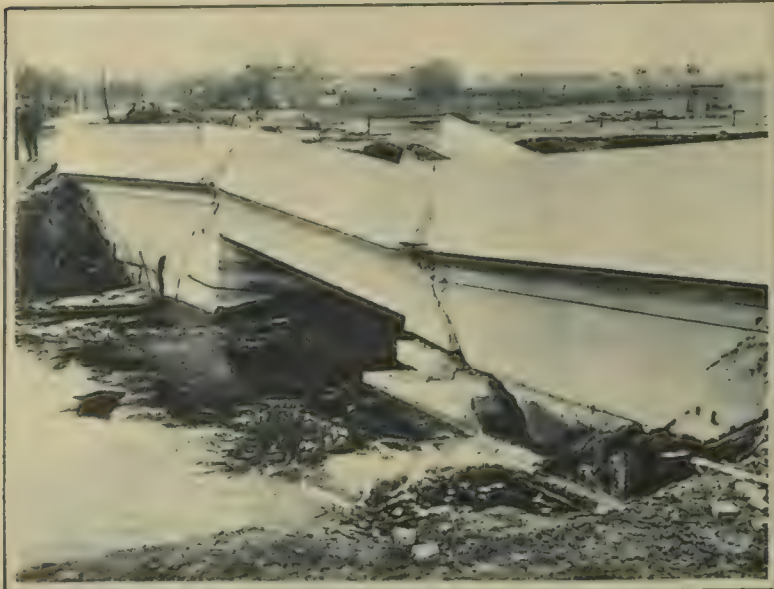




# A "GREENWICH OBSERVATORY" OF PREHISTORIC AMERICA.

(Continued from Page 984.)

smaller windows that were subsequently observed, and their compass bearings taken down the mid-lines. The data thus secured were forwarded to the Department



SET UP LESS THAN A YEAR AGO: THE HAVEL BRIDGE, NEAR LIEBENWALDE, TWENTY-SIX MILES NORTH OF BERLIN, DESTROYED BY THE FLOODS.

Photograph by P. and A.

of Terrestrial Magnetism of the Carnegie Institution of Washington, where, after all corrections for the variation of the compass and latitude had been made, the following surprising astronomical details came to light.

The diagonal from A (Fig. 4 on pp. 982-3) runs true west, and therefore marks the sunset point on March 21 (as it had been observed to do) and on Sept. 21—these being respectively the vernal and autumnal equinoxes. The diagonal from B has the same amplitude north of west (31 deg.) as the diagonal from C is south of west. This is the direction of the moon's setting when its ascending node is in the vernal equinox—that is, when its declination is a maximum (1 28 deg. 36 min.).

Nothing, however, marks the direction of its setting nine and one-half years later, when its maximum declination for the year is reduced to 1 18 deg. 25 min., and its amplitudes become 20 deg. north or south.

The diagonal from C (in Fig. 4) is, as above stated, 31 deg. south of west; it also marks the moon's setting. The diagonal drawn from D marks true south. The magnetic directions were, of course, not known to the Maya, as they had no compass.

By this we see that four of the six existing diagonals are directions of astronomic importance. How many other lines-of-sight windows may have led out from this conjectural observer's room will remain for ever unanswered, as the walls of the north and east sides have so completely fallen as to preclude all possibility of ever restoring them. Further study may reveal that the shadows cast by the jambs were utilised for other observations. In this connection it is worth noting that the vertical angles through Windows 2 and 3 (as opposed to the horizontal angles with which we have so far been dealing) are 15 deg. and 23 deg. respectively. These angles are reckoned from the bottom sill (see Fig. 1); reckoning them from any other point

would give a "sight" through the window obstructed by the horizon, since all the windows are level shafts.

At the very end of the field season a vertical shaft roughly a foot in diameter was discovered leading downwards through the core in the centre of the building. Plumb-bobs lowered down this shaft met obstructions at about eight feet, but water poured down readily passed further, running out of the core below the bottom opening of the spiral staircase. Complete excavation of the whole structure will be necessary to determine the function of this shaft; it occurred to the writer that it might possibly be found to lead to a subterranean chamber from which an observer, by sighting upwards, would be enabled to make

an accurate meridian observation on a celestial body. A fragment of stone with carved hieroglyphs bearing a calendric date in the Maya system was also discovered at the Caracol. Unfortunately, the fragment was of such a nature that only a rough estimate could be made. This date falls in the twelfth century A.D. of the Christian chronology, and would indicate a period when the city was under strong Mexican influence. But the construction of the building, and especially of the two platform sub-structures, is of an earlier period, and more Maya in style than Mexican.



IN HONOUR OF CHOPIN: THE MEMORIAL UNVEILED NEAR THE BELVEDERE, WARSAW.

This monument was unveiled at Warsaw, near which Chopin was born in 1809, on November 14 last. It is the work of M. Wacław Szymanowski, and is a portrait of the composer. The musicians of Great Britain and the Dominions sent a wreath.—[Photograph by C.N.]



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OBJECTIONABLE hair on face, neck, arms, under-arms or legs can now be removed—roots as well—in an amazing scientific way that finally destroys the growth for good. No electricity, no bad smells or unbearable pain. This new method, perfected by the Dermal Research Institute, is an entirely new discovery—extraordinary—yet absolutely safe and harmless. It does not merely remove hair temporarily, but gets at the real cause of hair growth, gently easing away the very roots so that they will never grow again. The whole process is quick and simple—as easily applied as cold cream. Simply apply a soothing balsam—and the hairs lift out in a minute—leaving the skin adorably smooth and clear.

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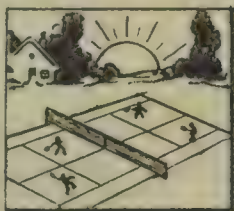
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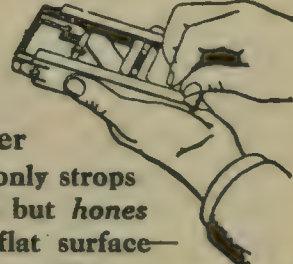
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Now, their cry is—More McCallum!

**The Razor Blade Sharpener**

that not only strops the blade but hones it on a flat surface—



**The 'ALLEGRO'**

**RAZOR SHARPENER & HONER** for Gillette, Auto-Strop and Durham-Duplex Blades

gives real shaving comfort every day and gets your shave over quicker these cold mornings. You use one blade indefinitely by just rubbing it up in a few seconds. It is made keener and sharper than new because it is honed and stropped by the correct heel-and-toe motion, not merely polished on rollers. The 'Allegro' is not an experiment—there are now

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**CLOCK HOUSE, BYFLEET**  
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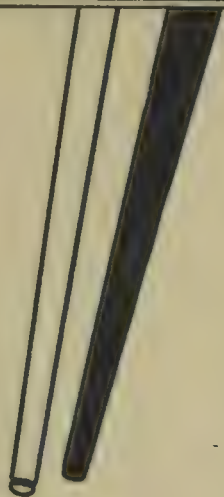
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—365 days in the year—are  
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No flexible metal wafer-blade, stamped out by machinery, can take the keen, everlasting edge of these sections of hand-forged, hollow-ground steel, equalled in shaving qualities only by a barber's straight razor.

The Automatic Stroppler keeps the edge at its sharpest, and the new Adjustable Safety Frame enables the depth of cut to be adjusted to suit individual requirements.



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**WILKINSON**  
SAFETY SHAVER,

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**SOLD EVERYWHERE.**

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THE WILKINSON SWORD CO., LTD.,

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No. 121. Set with 7 Hollow Ground Blades, each etched with a day of the week, new Adjustable Shaver Frame, Automatic Stroppler Machine. In hand-some polished Oak Case ... 42/-

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Be sure that this essential feature is supremely attractive and tasteful.

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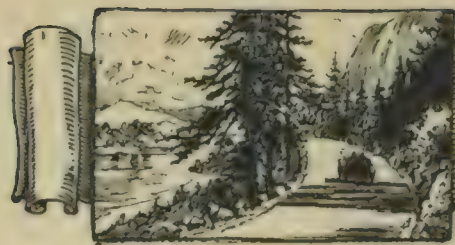
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A guaranteed  
**McIntock**  
PURIFIED DOWN QUILT  
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# THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

By JOHN PRIOLEAU.

## ON AMERICAN CHARACTERISTICS.

CONSIDERING the general international standardisation in the design and performance of cars, which has made itself increasingly evident ever since the war, it is curious to remark how tenacious are the special features of the Americans. French cars have their peculiarities and their specialities, their particular faults and their outstanding virtues, and so have Italians and Austrians, and, although we know fewer of them, Germans; but when you come to examine all these cars very closely and compare their design and their performance with those of British makes, there is not really very much in it. Certain countries excel in producing certain features. If you could build a car embodying the main features of the principal European factories, you would get a car which would be extraordinarily like any single English, French, Italian, German and Austrian car as sold to the public. The difference between any particular nationality of car, when it comes down to practical use, is very small, although the outward distinguishing features are often considerable. But, for some strange reason, that composite car would not be like an American.

and the crank-shaft is carried in seven bearings, the pistons being of die-cast aluminium. The cooling is by pump, with a thermostat incorporated in the

to second speed, the engine picks up, if not in a "sports manner," at least in one which is decidedly adequate. It is easy to maintain a high average speed, and without danger to anybody or fatigue to oneself to keep the speed-indicator needle in the immediate neighbourhood of thirty miles an hour.

The springing is good, and so is the steering, and when you have included these you have practically got the performance of any ordinary first-class European car of about one-and-a-half litres capacity. Wherein, then, lies the difference between American performance and European performance? I wish I knew how to answer that question.

The Willys-Knight has an extraordinarily smooth pull, a soft and elastic power. So have at least a dozen or possibly more European cars. It steers delightfully at high speeds; its brakes, though not so powerful as I should like to see them, do their work unobtrusively; its springs smooth out the

effects of pot-holes, and enable you to corner at high speeds. So do my dozen European cars. They all do these things, some of them better, some of them worse; but they all do them in a manner which is decidedly different from any American car I have yet driven.

It would be absurd to pretend that, apart from performance, the general design of any American car has a bigger appeal to Europeans than those built in this continent. We all ask for, and sometimes get, the cars that we think we want, yet it is but the barest justice to say that this new Willys-Knight, at its price, comes nearer to fulfilling those indefinable wishes of the average European motorist than any American car I have yet driven. It is not outstandingly fast, nor outstandingly powerful, nor outstandingly luxurious, but it combines a good measure of all those qualities at a reasonable price. £495 is by no means a high price to pay for a car of these abilities, considering that the body-work is of a really comfortable type. The upholstery, deep, soft and springy, is covered with a kind of grey cord, which has the really valuable advantage of holding driver and passengers in their places over bumpy roads. The equipment is satisfyingly complete, and it and the general finish are of a high order.



A CAR OF THE FAMOUS SLEEVE-VALVE TYPE HERE DESCRIBED: THE NEW WILLYS-KNIGHT "70" SIX-CYLINDER FOUR-DOOR SALOON, PRICED COMPLETE AT £495.

The new Willys-Knight "70," rated at 20.7-h.p., combines the well-known silence and smoothness of the sleeve-valve engine with notable acceleration and liveliness.

system. The oil is fed by pressure to all "high-duty" bearings (a peculiarly happy American expression),

and by splash to the valve sleeves and pistons. In fact, the design is orthodox. The usual three-speed gear-box, centrally controlled, is fitted, the main feature being the remarkable noiselessness of the gears in action at high speeds. All the controls are properly accessible, and driving the car is a comfortable business, with the one exception which is practically universal in American cars—that is, that the travel of accelerator-pedals is considerably longer than that

to which we are accustomed on this side of the Atlantic. The Willys-Knight picks up extremely well, and gets away with its load in an inspiring fashion. Up to a certain speed, somewhere in the neighbourhood of 45 miles an hour, the engine runs very quietly, and with no perceptible vibration, or, at any rate, none that should cause distress to the average keen owner-driver. It is an excellent top-speed hill-climber, as, indeed, are most first-class American cars, and when it is necessary to drop down



A WELL-KNOWN LADY RACING MOTORIST: MISS VIOLETTE CORDERY IN THE STREAM-LINE OCCASIONAL FOUR-SEATER INVICTA CAR WITH WHICH SHE CAPTURED THE DEWAR TROPHY.

The American car has for years been in many respects quite unlike the European car, and it is odd to see that, although a number of American manufacturers include in their advertisements the statement that this or that model is "on European lines," the main underlying "feel" of American performance remains much the same. It is apparently slight, this difference in design; and almost indefinable, this difference in performance. To me, who spend many days a month driving all sorts of cars, there remains in an American always something definitely different. The Americans have means of attaining certain ends which we do not follow; and we have ends which they do not attempt to attain. It is a very poor definition, but it must suffice.

The new Willys-Knight model "70" six-cylinder, 20-h.p., is perhaps one of the most difficult of the American cars I have ever tried to describe. It is a paradoxical business altogether, because the engine, of the sleeve-valve type, is the invention of an American, and only came to fame when it was adopted exclusively by an English firm. Therefore, I have to consider a purely American invention through European eyes.

Yet this Willys-Knight is quite unlike any other Knight six-cylinder engine I have ever driven, and the way in which it dealt with its load on the occasion of my trial was purely as "American." There is nothing particularly startling about its general design. The bore and stroke are 74.6 mm. by 111 mm.,



BUILT FOR AN INDIAN RAJAH AT A COST OF £3000: A 26.9-H.P. RENAULT WITH A LIMOUSINE BODY OF SOLID ALUMINIUM PLATING.

This car and another Renault (of 45-h.p.) were built for an Indian rajah at a cost of £3000 each. Both are luxurious limousines, and are fitted with nineteen lamps. The centre spot light has a beam of one mile, and is controlled from the driver's seat to facilitate night travel on jungle roads. The off-side cowl lamp throws a green light and the near-side a red light. In the rear compartment is a silver-lined copper tank for drinking-water.



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After the theatre or the dance to come from the comfort of indoors to the discomfort of outdoors in Winter—to wait shivering in cold and rain, or perhaps snow, for 'bus or taxi—or to pass straight into the warm, inviting interior of a SINGER Saloon, to sink back into the depth of its comfort, and to be borne homewards swiftly, silently and smoothly. The choice is yours. A SINGER Saloon is built for comfort, and will satisfy those motorists who are sensitive to the nicer things of life. Pneumatic upholstery, covered in real leather, adjustable front seats, winding



roller blinds, hat rack, pile carpets — these and many other refinements are all to be found in a SINGER Saloon—both in the "Senior" Model at £260 and the "Six" with six-cylinder engine at £350. Each one in its class the biggest value in British Saloons. Dunlop tyres are fitted. May we send you full particulars? SINGER AND COMPANY, LTD., Coventry. London Showrooms: 202, Great Portland Street, W. 1.

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Ditto. Buttons £10 5 0 Ditto. Studs £4 10 0  
Complete sets, four buttons, pair of links, two studs, £25 0 0

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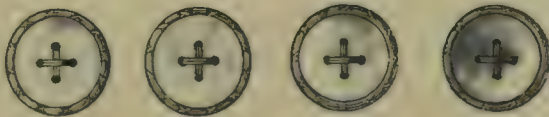


Set of four buttons, Mother-of-Pearl. Pearl Centres, Platinum borders, 18-ct. gold back. (J434/67). £4 7 6  
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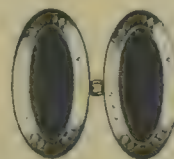
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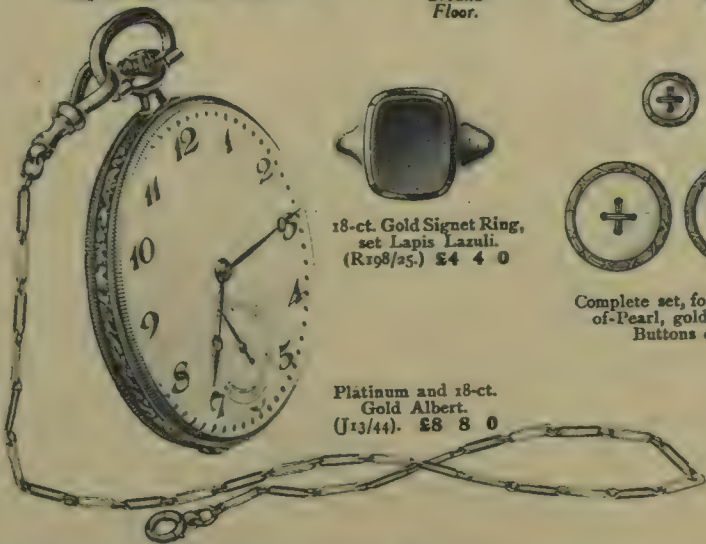


18-ct. Solid Gold Sleeve Links. Finely finished. (J96/56). £3 15 0 pair.



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Woven coloured Gold "Milanese" Fob. (J75/46). £2 12 6



Thin Model Dress Watch, 18-ct. Solid Gold. Fine quality, lever movement. (W119/86). £10 15 0

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## THE PLAYHOUSES.

## "HALF A LOAF," AT THE COMEDY.

THE best mood, and the fairest, in which to see "Half a Loaf" at the Comedy Theatre, is one prepared for light-hearted make-believe. In real life no woman—not even a millionaire's daughter—can drag a man into wedlock and force him to sign away his freedom totally against his will. In real life no man, even though an artist with a dislike for noise, would sit down patiently under a false charge of seduction and consent to make amends by marriage for a wrong he has never committed. Yet that is the position of affairs between Ann McGovern and Michael Challenor, as Mr. Noel Scott, adapter of "Half a Loaf" presents it in his entertaining trifle. Ann, brought up all her days to get what she wants, visits Michael's studio and makes up her mind to have him for husband, though he is living comfortably with a certain dark-eyed Margot. Failing in her overtures, she goes home to her father with a crazy story of being dishonoured, and the pair swoop down upon the artist and are supposed to deafen him into giving up his Margot and going through the ceremony of marriage. Six months later they are still married but in name, but need only a helping hand—Margot's, if you please—to tumble into each other's arms. An absurd yarn; but it is told amusingly in the first two acts, if too sentimentally in the last. Those who have dined comfortably will find it a pleasant enough piece of confectionery, which acting from Miss Phyllis Titmuss, Mr. Dennis Eadie, and Miss Hilda Moore helps to recommend.

## "YELLOW SANDS," AT THE HAYMARKET.

Out of material not so very different from that which has provided such popular fun in his story of "The Farmer's Wife," Mr. Eden Phillpotts, with his daughter's assistance, has invented an entertainment no less exhilarating in "Yellow Sands," which fills the bill at the Haymarket. Its characters include a down-at-heel and slightly bibulous philosopher, a Bolshevik fisherman whose conduct belies his creed, two pleasant young girls, and two quaint old-maid sisters, a retired sea-captain and a termagant, and last—but not least—amiable old Aunt Jennifer, who gives a tea-party in one act and leaves a legacy in another. It is hardly necessary to say how droll both the party and the scene of the reading of the will are made, nor how full-blooded is the humour that Mr. Cedric Hardwicke puts into the rôle of the philosophic tippler. In the long cast will also be found Mr. H. O. Nicholson, Miss Susan Richmond, Mr. Edward Petley, the Misses Drusilla and Alice Wills, besides Miss Muriel Hewitt, a dainty ingénue, and Mr. Frank Vosper, who makes a hit as the heroine's "Red" lover. Haymarket booking ought to be heavy.

## "QUEEN HIGH," AT THE QUEEN'S.

The best thing in the new American musical comedy, "Queen High," has nothing to do with music or song or dance; it is a scene wherein those two brilliant comedians, Mr. A. W. Baskcomb and Mr. Joseph Coyne, figuring as a pair of quarrelsome business partners, play an exciting hand of poker, the result of which is to make the loser virtual slave of the winner for a whole twelvemonth. It is

beautifully done, and worth going some distance to see. But there is not enough in the show that is first-rate to back this scene up. There is some delightful dancing supplied by Miss Anita Elson, and Mr. Sonnie Hale and Miss Joyce Barbour and Miss Hermione Baddeley are in the company.

## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

(Continued from Page 972.)

find," he says, "a wealth of detail—most of it, I fancy, unrecorded—which gives a vivid picture of life in West Africa more than a century ago." At the end of the book I notice a significant sentence—"Intermarriage has made one party of the many classes of settler, and is fast merging settler and native." This seems to suggest a tendency towards that vision of the poet—

Earth at last a warless world, a single race, a single tongue.

The third in my trio of African travel books is "THE FIRE OF DESERT FOLK." The Account of a Journey Through Morocco. By Ferdinand Ossendowski. English text by Lewis Stanton Palen. Illustrated (George Allen and Unwin; 16s. net). Here we have the experiences and shrewd reflections of a distinguished Polish writer during a journey which he made, with his wife, from Oran, in Algeria, to Casablanca. I was doubtful as to the meaning of the title until I noted an allusion to the Spanish campaign in Morocco as "the fire of war and hate," and the author's concluding words: "What, then, will become of those messengers who bring her another fire—a fire lodged in their hearts and kindled by the Creating Hand of a great love and understanding? The light of this fire will in time . . . triumph as a splendid, strong, conquering spirit among the yellow, black, and white races from one end of the world to the other." Not so much "a single race," then, as a single spirit.—C. E. B.

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## THE BOOKSELLER'S WINDOW.

A MAN COULD STAND UP. By FORD MADOX FORD. (Duckworth; 7s. 6d.)

The pleasant mood in which Ford Madox Ford wrote "Ladies Whose Bright Eyes" seems very remote, so vast is the gulf between that delightful extravagance and his trilogy of war novels. "A Man Could Stand Up" surveys the mental state of soldiers and civilians at the end of the war. Already the Army of 1914—1918 is winding away on the long, long trail, and the young authors are arriving, confident that hearsay is as good as the personal impression, and even rather better. They tell you that the war generation will never regain its literary balance, and that the time has come for the detached observer to collect and sift the evidences. But "A Man Could Stand Up" is not to be dismissed as emotional. For one thing, it expresses the inarticulate, who will be grateful for the justice Mr. Ford Madox Ford has done to them. He plumbs the suffering and the endurance of the men at the front, as well as any man may measure the immeasurable. His last chapters cover the Armistice reaction of people "new waked from dreams of dreadful things." Laughter in the war years was the saving miracle; that, too, is not omitted. "A Man Could Stand Up" has intense reality.

HER SON'S WIFE. By DOROTHY CANFIELD. (Cape; 7s. 6d.)

Only a very clear and comprehensive intelligence could have carried through such an achievement as "Her Son's Wife." We knew Dorothy Canfield was good. We knew she was one of the authors who had not yet reached the goal of their own ambition, but who had climbed higher than the great majority can hope to reach. "Her Son's Wife" places Miss Canfield somewhere very near the top among the American women who write. Its psychology is searching, and it is feminine psychology, that has intuition in it as well as reason. You are set to watch the play of tremendous forces, and tremendous restraints. On the surface, Mary Bascomb was the perfect schoolmistress, the loyal widow, and the devoted mother of a youth who had married a worthless little factory girl. Under the surface she was the woman who fought for an ideal, and flinched from nothing. Her secret soul lies bare, terribly bare, so exhaustive is the analysis of Miss Canfield.

This is a beautiful piece of intricate work, distinguished among its other excellences by a faultless sense of proportion and by dignity of execution.

HIGH SILVER. By ANTHONY RICHARDSON. (Constable; 7s. 6d.)

"High Silver" is technically admirable. It does not set out to be a comfortable affair; Anthony Richardson makes that plain from the beginning. A small boy who dedicates himself to the ideals of chivalry cannot find the modern world an easy place unless he is unusually obtuse; and Tristram Rivington was a sensitive. It was inevitable that he should make a fool of himself over a woman: it is the Tristrams who are ruined by impulsive marriages. In its prophecies of disaster, it was equally inevitable that old Colonel Rivington's cynical wisdom should be right; but a grandfather so uncongenial and a preparatory school so unpleasant were Tristram's unmerited misfortune. The less said of the school the better. Mr. Richardson has said too much. The poignant address of "High Silver" is noteworthy.

THE NEW ADAM. By NOËLLE ROGER. (Stanley Paul; 7s. 6d.)

There is a cousinly likeness between "The New Adam" and the early stories of Mr. H. G. Wells. Their common grandfather can only be Jules Verne. Science has hurried along since the days of Dr. Ox, and, as Noëlle Roger demonstrates, there is no limit to its sinister development. Her new Adam is not primarily a homicidal maniac; but his experiments for the future benefit of the race work out disastrously for his contemporaries. The story starts with the successful attempt of a doctor to plant gland extract into the brain of a dying man. The patient recovers, equipped with terrific intellectual energy. Scientific problems are child's play to him, and he discovers how to unloose the explosive constituents of the atom—a feat that would interest Professor Coolidge of Schenectady research. The French imagination, alert and logical, is exactly adapted to creating "The New Adam," and P. O. Crowhurst's translation does justice to its clever author.

GEORGIAN STORIES, 1926. (Chapman and Hall; 7s. 6d.)

Running one's eye back over the series, "Georgian Stories 1926" appears to be as good as its predecessors. It would have been better without "Fifteenth of

November" and "The Balance," assuming that the editor's object has been to include work of permanent interest. The subtlety of most of the other stories is amazing. That is the heart of the modern intention—never, if it can possibly avoid it, to be obvious. Nothing could be more artistically made than the point of "The Van Zant Dinner," which is comedy, or of "The Tunnel," which is stark tragedy. "Holiday Group" simply lifts the front off a seaside lodging-house and lets you see why Julia was tired. Then it leaves you to reckon the appalling number of lodging-houses in England, and to reflect how many Julias have been and will be tired in years past, present, and to come. The Georgians are dazzling people, and the 1926 Stories reflect their brilliance.

THE GOOSEFEATHER BED. By E. TEMPLE THURSTON. (Putnam; 7s. 6d.)

"The Goosefeather Bed" follows the accepted circus tradition. The wistful hanger-on (he used to be the clown) loves the bareback rider. She spurns him; she soars beyond the circus; she comes back to him in the last chapter. There are worse things than a favourite plot retold; and Mr. Temple Thurston is an adept at handling sentimental situations. The life on the road is carried across the southern counties with a discriminating use of local colour, and there is the blowing of "the wind on the heath." Old Ablett, the proprietor, is the real stuff, and the magnetism of Chikka, the heroine and his grand-daughter, comes through brightly. As Ablett says, "The circus is always young, 'cos it is for the young." "The Goosefeather Bed" is undoubtedly for the young and the romantic.

## BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

THE BODLEY HEAD.

The Abiding Splendour. By Poppie Tunstall. (7s. 6d. net.)  
Zadig, and Other Romances. By Voltaire; translated by H. I. Woolf and Wilfrid Jackson. Illustrated by Henry Keen. (16s. net.)

METHUEN.

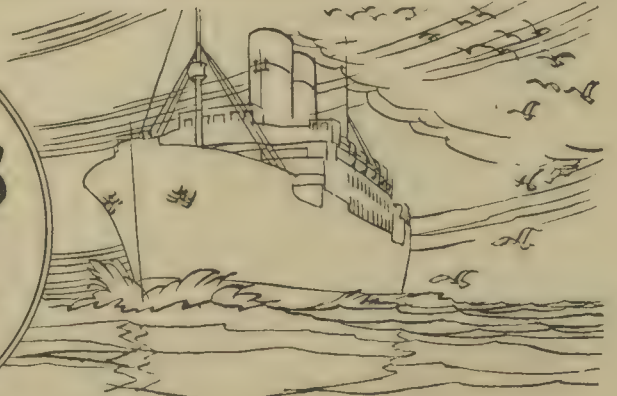
Three Hundred and Sixty-Five Days (and One More). By E. V. Lucas. (6s. net.)  
Warriors at Ease. By Anthony Armstrong. (3s. 6d. net.)  
An African Eldorado: the Belgian Congo. By T. Alexander Barns. (15s. net.)

EDWARD ARNOLD.

The Riddle of the Tsangpe Gorge. By Kingdon Ward. (21s. net.)



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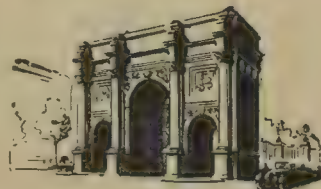
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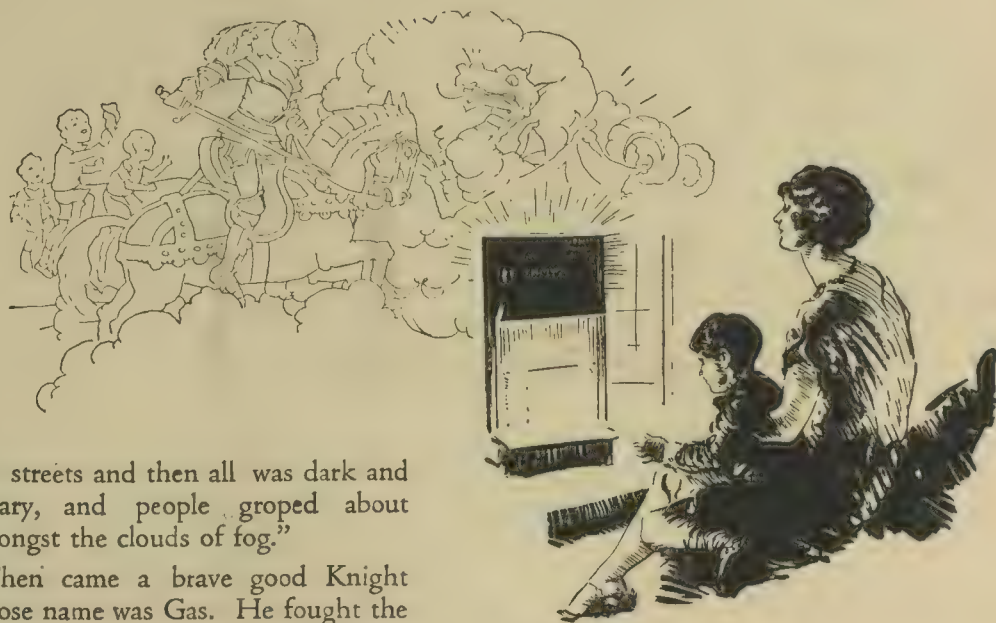
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the streets and then all was dark and dreary, and people groped about amongst the clouds of fog."

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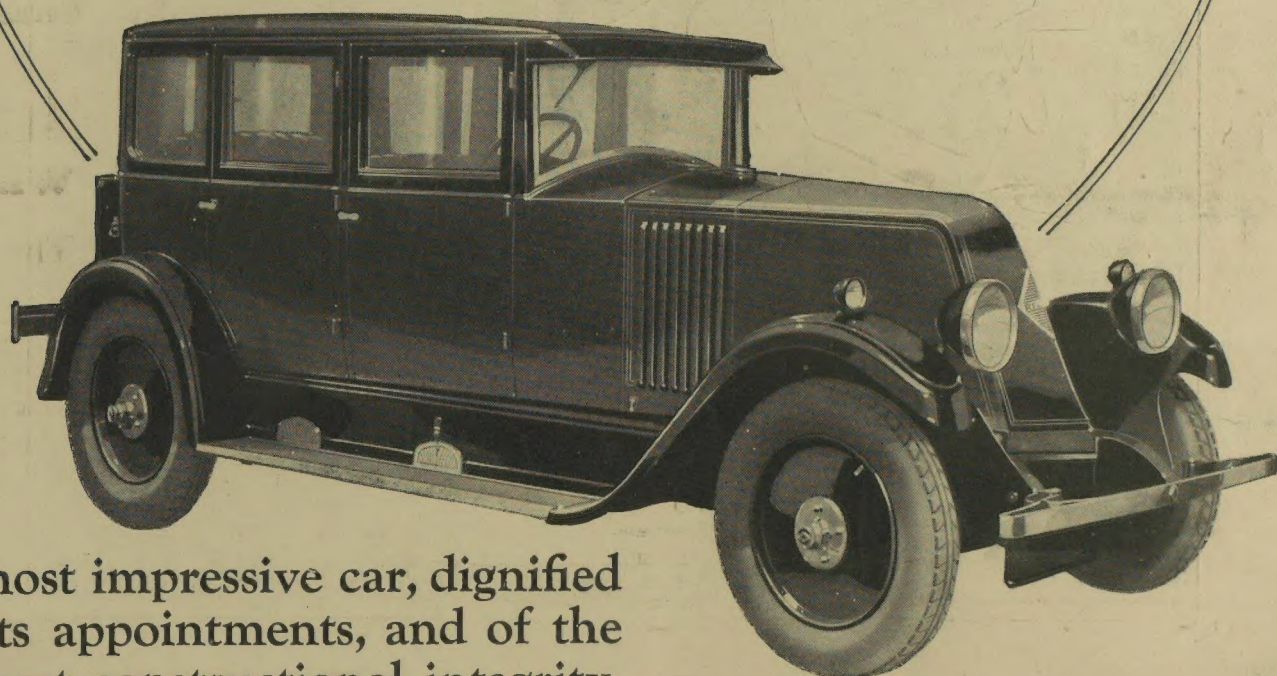
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To shake a wicked leg, and drink, and laugh.  
And I—I galvanise the blasé dolls  
Who toy with gitt balloons and parasols.

My salary is suitably immense,  
Yet once I tasted failure so intense  
It shook me to the soul. I always sing  
A captivating, stirring little thing  
Called "Kiss Me, Sweetie," and with each refrain  
I make some blushing idiot proud and vain.

I choose the agèd Rich, or bloated Great,  
And brace myself to do a job I hate;  
Alas, one night when my "morale" was weak  
I yearned so painfully to park my cheek  
Against a handsome stranger's charming face,  
I gladly offered him a free embrace—

Oh, the rebuff! Between his lips he placed  
The Cigarette denoting perfect taste,  
And watched Abdulla's fragrant smoke-wreaths play  
Until I slunk dejectedly away.  
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